

IND
TO

MAN *to* MAN

THE **STAG** MAGAZINE

JUNE 25c

THE TRUTH ABOUT
"MONKEY GLANDS"

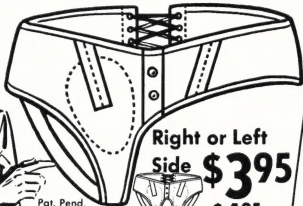
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MAN to MAN

THE *STAG* MAGAZINE •

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CONTENTS

ARTICLES

vicious barroom rackets - - - - 8

william wallrich

is there a race of human giants? - - - 10

joel charles

the truth about monkey glands - - - 26

robert j. galway

how to tell when a person is lying - - 30

i. mackay phelps

TRUE STORIES

ten tough women - - - - - 6

dan leslie

russia's secret sabotage plan against the U.S. 16

kurt singer

people with split personalities - - - - 22

thorp mcclusky

i was live bait for an octopus - - - - 32

clark jameson

FICTION

"i said i'd kill you!" - - - - - 24

don pringle

the embezzler and the blonde - - - - 34

frank kane

SPORT

what will the yankees do now? - - - 12

clem boddington

PICTORIAL

man to man, she's a sweetheart - - - 14

tall, texan and terrific - - - - - 20

tennis in high heels - - - - - 28

the jazziest car in the world - - - - 36

CARTOONS

by sharpe, la mendola, knowles, ali, ulsh

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COVER

bernard of hollywood from globe photos, inc.

HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO



Packs All The Punch Of A Big, Expensive Gym, Including . . .

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TEN

Tough WOMEN

Men criminals may be tough—but their
women companions are ten times tougher



Edward and Cecelia Clooney (the bobbed-haired bandit). Cecelia handled the gun. She did all the shooting in their holdups.



Kathryn Kelly gave George a machine gun for Christmas.

By DAN LESLIE

EVERY legitimate businessman knows that he can expect his toughest competition from a woman in the same profession. Illegitimate businessmen of the underworld know that the same fact is true, there.

Name any field of crime, and you will find that the record-holder is a woman. Even in the world of calculated mass-murders, a woman rules the realm.

But the girls don't seem content merely to out-score men in crime: they apparently compete among themselves. The contest for the Miss America of the Underworld has been a bloody battle.

Undoubtedly, the most qualified contender for the title was a trigger-happy, cigar-smoking blonde named Bonnie Parker.

In 1930, while boozing in a Dallas saloon, she met Clyde Barrow, a penny-ante Texas stick-up man. They joined forces, and in a few months they soared to the heights of gangland fame.

At the peak of their career, they



George (Machine Gun) Kelly.
His wife was harder than he.

took Clyde's brother Buck into the outfit, and he brought in his girl friend, Blanche Caldwell. But Blanche and Buck were weaklings, compared to their partners.

It was Bonnie who gave the team its color. She loved to shoot policemen. In two years, she held high score among the 20 men—mostly cops—that the gang killed.

THROUGH Clyde Barrow acted as headman, Bonnie Parker was the real power of the group. She decided when and where they would operate, and when the bullets began to fly, they came first from Bonnie's gun.

She kept a score-sheet of their killings, which she tallied as she puffed one of the big cigars she loved. Knowing how many shots were fired, she checked newspapers to find how many entered the victim's body. When the percentage was bad, she ordered target practice for the mob.

She was an expert with a pistol, but she preferred a shotgun. Once, standing just a few feet from him, she blasted the face off a state trooper. Another time, she shot a



Bonnie Parker loved to shoot policemen. She killed about twenty men, mostly policemen, before the cops got her and Clyde at last.

policeman who was merely directing traffic.

Her favorite trick was bumping off cops on the wing. Nothing pleased her more than being chased by motorcycle officers. Shooting them as they zigzagged behind her car on a country highway was the best evidence of her marksmanship, she often boasted.

Twice, Bonnie and her pals shot their way out of a police ambush. The first time, cops surrounded their rented house in Missouri. Two officers were killed in an hour gun-battle before the gang managed to get away in their car.

The second time, police broke up a foursome picnic in Iowa. Buck was killed during fifteen minutes of fierce shooting, and Blanche was captured.

Bonnie and Clyde escaped by swimming across a river under a shower of bullets.

Re-arming themselves with guns stolen from sporting-goods shops, Bonnie and Clyde continued their crime wave alone. By this time, the police of five states and the FBI were hunting them.

They were finally trapped, in 1933, in a woodland shack in

(Continued on page 38)



(Posed by a professional model)

You may spot an alluring girl seated down the bar who seems lonely, wants someone to buy her a drink.

VICIOUS BARROOM RACKETS

If you must go to the bars, then at least be careful. You may be clipped, you may even be killed

By **WILLIAM WALLRICH**

SHE'S a lovely creature. From her long silk clad legs to the top most curl of her "Poodle Dog" coiffure she's a picture of desire. Obviously a woman built and dressed to give men pleasure. And—a woman out seeking just that pleasure.

But, no matter where you meet her—be it hotel lobby or actually in the barroom—beware. The Lady's yours for the asking, but the lady's name may be—Death!

Yes, the "steerer," the pick-up who works the barroom percentage rackets has brought men who have sought nothing more than companionship—or perhaps her arms and lips—to a slow sickening death in some fetid alleyway or weed-choked corner lot.

Today, more than ever, the petty gyp artists and the sadistic, strong-arm hoodlums are turning their attention to the barrooms.



They know full well that the individual who has had a few drinks is more convivial and, by the same token, more gullible.

A sucker has no chance of being anything but a sucker when he's befuddled by alcohol. Then, of course, is when the harpies and vultures of the underworld sink their greedy talons into him.

Strangely enough, the "steerer"—a girl who works the bars for the percentage—may never, in actuality, know that her victim has met his death because of her beauty and artificial wiles.

To these girls' way of thinking, they have done nothing more than help a few bars fleece a chump who was going to be fleeced anyway.

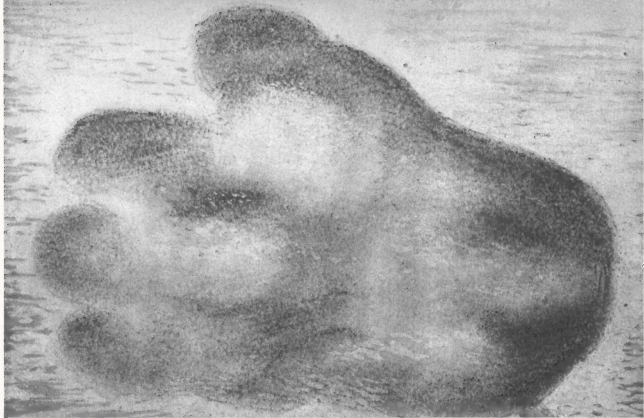
The operation of the "steerer" is essentially this: the girl, dressed in her revealing finery, goes to one
(Continued on page 46)

Too often, a man who just wanted a few drinks winds up like this in an alley.



Posed by professional models

Once inside the night spot, it's the duty of the girl to chat lightly and keep the drinks coming.



Actual photograph of one of the huge footprints. This print was more than 12 inches long, indicating a height of over eight feet.



Eric Shipton, leader of the expedition. His men saw the monster, photographed some footprints.

IS THERE A RACE OF *HUMAN* *GIANTS?*

There's good evidence that huge man-like giants roam the snows and ice of the lofty Himalayas



Photo by Ewing Galloway

Mt. Everest, world's highest peak, towers to 29,000 feet.

By JOEL CHARLES

A FEW months ago, a sensational story on the front page of the usually sober and austere London *Times* threw England into a state of excitement.

An incredible monster had been located on the other side of the world, in the mountain fastness of the Himalayas, on the border between Red-dominated Tibet and the Kingdom of Nepal.

Members of the Eric Shipton expedition to Mt. Everest—highest peak in the world, 29,000 feet above sea level—reported that they had discovered the huge footprints of a race of giants at snow-encrusted altitudes where no life of any kind, animal or vegetable, was supposed to exist.

To prove it was no pipe-dream, the explorers forwarded photographs of the mysterious footprints to the Royal Geographical Society in London.

For nearly a month, stories of these giants, called the "abominable snowmen" of the Himalayas, (Continued on page 64)



The males are all 8 feet or more tall, covered with long, brown hair. The faces are hairless and strangely human in appearance.

WHAT WILL THE YANKEES

Who will be baseball's
Number 1 money player
now that Joe DiMaggio
has left the Yankees?



It is Connie Mack's opinion that DiMaggio's successor will be young Gil McDougald, alert third baseman of the Yankees.



Mickey Mantle will fill Joe's shoes in the center field spot.

By CLEM BODDINGTON

FOR the past three years, the New York Yankees have won American League pennants despite a series of injuries to team players in those three years that would have discouraged less intense competitors.

During that time, one of the more illustrious cripples was joltin' Joe Di Maggio, the No. 1 money player and successor to Babe Ruth and Lou Gehrig, the Yankee greats of another era.

DO NOW?

DiMaggio didn't play a full season in any of the last three campaigns, but in two of them he did some magnificent clutch hitting which gave his injury-ridden mates a lift in morale.

For example, in 1949, his famed Achilles heel brought reams of publicity copy to Baltimore's Johns Hopkins hospital as well as a succession of headaches to the Yankee front office executives.

In 1950, his trick knee (a recurrence of an old injury) acted up on him, forcing him out of the lineup for more than half the season.

Last year was most disappointing to the Clipper. While he did manage to deliver hits in late-season clutch games, his overall play was affected by his general physical retrogression. His batting average was the poorest of an otherwise brilliant career.

When Joe homered on October 8, 1951, to help the Yankees even the World's Series with the New York Giants, he flashed a bit of his former batting prowess, but, as he said: "When baseball is no longer fun to play, it's time to quit." The Jolter said that his whole body was just one big ache.

Of course, there are those who contend that he quit the game too soon. Ty Cobb, the old Georgia Peach who played a bang-up game of major league ball in his forty-second year, observed:

"DiMaggio looked good to me on TV during the World Series. He ran smoothly and his fielding was adequate. He should have played at least one more season."

ALL of which leads to the question which is being asked by fans all around the American League circuit. It is:

"Who will be the No. 1 money player now that DiMaggio has left the Yankee line-up?"

As of now, the successor to Joe DiMaggio is not in clear focus.

That wise old baseball veteran, octogenarian Connie Mack, the retired manager of the Philadelphia Athletics, thinks that DiMaggio's eventual successor will be young Gil McDougald, the Yankee third baseman and winner of the American League Rookie of the Year Award in 1951. Mr. Mack may have something there, but only time will tell.



"Yogi" Berra is now a greater power hitter than McDougald. He has been tested, also, in the crucible of four torrid campaigns.

After all, there is the sophomore year jinx that has plagued many another first year whiz, as witness the case of Detroit rookie Johnny Groth who signalized his major league debut by hitting two successive home runs on an opening day's game, only to find American League pitching a problem too difficult to solve.

Of course, there is Lawrence "Yogi" Berra, the catcher, who is a greater power hitter than McDougald. Also, Berra has been tested in the crucible of more than four torrid campaigns. He is a tremendous

favorite with Stadium fans.

McDougald, formerly of Beaumont in the Texas League, appeared in 82 games as a third sacker and in 55 as a second baseman for the Yankees in 1951.

He batted .306 and was the first rookie to top the Bombers since 1934 when sturdy Billy Johnson, also a third sacker, hit .280.

McDougald's home run with the bases loaded in the World's Series of 1951 added gaudy embellishment to his freshman year record in the majors.

(Continued on page 41)

MAN TO MAN,

She's A Sweetheart



WE present to you this month a young model who lives in San Francisco, California. Her name is Jeri Miller and she is 22 years old. In this series of pictures she happens to be modeling a new bathing suit called "The Whistler," and she's doing very well by the suit. You'll be hearing more and seeing more of Jeri Miller.



Jeri Miller, 22, has dark eyes and black hair.

She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall; weighs 118 lbs.



Jeri's figure measurements are: Bust, 36 inches; waist, 25, and hips 35 inches.



RUSSIA'S SECRET SABOTAGE PLAN AGAINST THE UNITED STATES

What American undercover agents found out
in Russia's school for spies and traitors

Communists plan to take advantage
of A-bomb chaos to grab for power.

By KURT SINGER

AS recently as December, 1951, the students of the Soviet espionage schools in Leningrad and in Potsdam (Germany) were given the problem of mapping a strategy for guerilla warfare inside the United States of America, in case of war.

Both spy schools were attended by a group of American Communists, and in their seminar they discussed a blueprint of a secret sabotage plan directed against America if war should come between the East and the West.

Inside the American Security Services only a few knew that two of the American Communists at the Leningrad and Potsdam spy schools were not only "trustworthy comrades" with fifteen and twenty year memberships in the Communist In-

ternational, but also trusted undercover men for America's own intelligence offices.

I, the author of seventeen books—seven of them on espionage—have seldom seen such an exciting report as these two men gave about these “war games” at the spy schools behind the Iron Curtain.

Their instructions, discussions, plans and plotting in Leningrad and Potsdam began with the one ultimate philosophy of communism: that war for a Communist is the continuation of the revolution by other means.

Every Communist party group must be among the avant garde of such a revolution and, in case of war, Communists must be guerilla soldiers.

According to these spy school reports, the Soviet analyzed the guerilla and sabotage war plan developed by General Charles de Gaulle in 1943 for underground war against the Germans as one of the best in modern history.

De Gaulle's plan has been adopted in principal by all Communist guerilla forces.

THIS is the blueprint for future communist activities inside the United States:

- a) The Green Plan against America's railroads
- b) The Frog plan against all railways auxiliary services.
- c) The Tortoise Plan against America's highways system.
- d) The Violet Plan against telephone systems.
- e) The Red Plan which includes psychological warfare.

On these five levels America's fifth columnists and Communist traitors will operate. Many of the operators in case of war are now “sitters.” This means they have been doing nothing politically in America and pretending they were conservatives and non-political persons. They will become the leaders of the wartime Communist sabotage network.

At the Soviet spy schools hundreds of examples of what these sabotage units will have to do in America were outlined.

Just as the Norwegian underground found out about Hitler's heavy water plants; just as counter-agents discovered the underground factories of Peenemuende where Hitler's V-rockets were evolved, so the Communist sabotage units in America will have to discover all new underground plants, all new decentralized war factories and industrial reorganizations.

(Continued on next page)



Bombs over Brooklyn, think Communists, would cause so much terror that a new government they could control would appear.



RUSSIA'S SECRET SABOTAGE PLAN AGAINST THE UNITED STATES



For Russia knows her greatest enemy will always be America's production capacity.

"WAR coming to America," as described by one of the Red Colonels, "would mean that, for instance, Detroit would be bombed without warning."

A handful of Soviet agents will know the exact day and exact hour and it will be their task to make sure that the air raid systems do not function properly, that wire circuits are cut and that everything is done to establish great chaos and despair.

If the air raid warning system does not function, the instructors contend, the population will blame the politicians, and the more faults and mistakes that can be put on the shoulders of the political leaders of America, the better are the chances for new governments, until finally new government leaders arise who will sooner or later come to terms with Russia.

"During all military actions," say the Soviet sabotage instructors, "never forget that the goal is to get a new government which we can handle and supervise."

During this spy school seminar on America's sabotage plans, the great metropolitan areas were always singled out. Detroit, Washing-



Radar warning devices, say the plan, must be crippled before the bombing.

It will be the duty of local Communists to signal with flashes, so A-bomb can strike city's center.

ton, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Seattle, San Francisco and Minneapolis and Los Angeles were carefully studied.

"WE will bring a Hiroshima to America which will be ten times worse," said the Red Colonel who was known to the students only as "Boris." The American government will have no real plan; it will have lost ground and time; it must re-organize. Then it is we who will have a plan, we who are ready for action.

"We must seize radio stations through our armed comrades. These comrades must belong to the Civilian Defense Units, be air raid wardens, on voluntary police units of Civilian Defense.

"Over the radio and television day and night we must proclaim we want peace, that we need a new government.

"It is natural," the Communist Commissar said in his further instructions, "that we must release all Communists in American prisons. They will be a most helpful addition to our forces."

Actually a guerilla force of Communist police will be instructed to handle these details and supervise grounds and territories taken over by Communist saboteurs and forces.

As the Russians were sure that not only guided missiles, robot bombs and V-rockets but also jet planes will hit the American shores, it was said in these instructions that agents must give flash light signals during attacks to show the Communist pilots the most strategic points in a blackout.

THOUGH Russia's General Staff possesses a final plan of strategy and attack against America, everyone of those new spy students was asked to list in his "graduation thesis" all important American installations they felt had to be destroyed in case of war.

Their lists included oil refineries, rubber plants, dams, power plants, steel mills, and harbors.

The Soviet combat fifth column has been trained to believe that radar is not always one hundred percent dependable, especially in the Arctic.

If a strategy calls for bombardment of five different cities simultaneously, the Americans, according to the Soviet view, will not be able to tell which large cities will be attacked. Only the agents will know, and they will get their instructions from their group leaders.

The "Psychology of Panic" was one of the great subjects at these



American Communists are instructed to gather maps, air-views of all large cities and forward them to Russia for war use.

spy courses. "All this will be new to the Americans," said the instructors.

"They will be panicky; they will take their cars and try to run away from the war, like the refugees from Paris when Hitler came.

"Their highways will be blocked and closed, and terrible chaos will be the result. Use this chaos and panic."

And again it was said, "Propose then via radio, television, loudspeakers, a new government that will bring peace."

ACCORDING to the blueprint developed at the Leningrad spy school, the Soviets feel that under atomic attack the U.S. Government will no longer be safe in Washington and that it will probably move to the Rocky Mountains, perhaps in, or near, Denver.

Then the propaganda aim is to call them "deserters." I, personally, remember when Quisling in Norway called his King and Government who escaped to Britain the same—"deserters." Since they "deserted" their country, according to dictator propaganda, the way was open for a new Government.

When the American Communist espionage students were asked at this seminar how they would go about achieving a Communist government in America, one of the students answered: "America believes in state rights. If one of the forty-eight states should go Communist, then state by state the rest would follow.

"It should begin in a state where people are not political at all, states where gambling and lawlessness have been legalized to some extent.

(Continued on page 54)



Rosemary has dark eyes, black hair.

TALL TEXAN AND *Terrific!*

NEW YORK'S showgirls always seem to come from somewhere else, and nine times out of ten that somewhere else is Texas. Why so many of the love-lies who grace the big city's Great White Way should hail from the Lone Star State is a question which we cannot answer. But give a look at Rosemary Williamson. She's from Texas; she's on Broadway. It's typical.

Rosemary Williamson is tall, like all the girls from Texas.



She has a slim, delectable figure, long legs.



Rosemary is a busy New York model and also showgirl.



Her shapely, almost perfect legs are a credit to Texas.



As the result of a profound emotional shock, she had come to the hospital as mental case, found she had 3 personalities.

PEOPLE WITH SPLIT PERSONALITIES

By THORP McCLUSKY

ON September 22, 1931, a girl named Norma R. was admitted as a mental patient to Columbus State Hospital in Ohio.

To all appearances, she was completely sane. Nineteen years old, she was an attractive blonde, with fine, delicate features, a sweet, winning smile, and a slim, willowy figure.

But she was—as the Bible puts it—"possessed of a devil."

She had not been in the hospital more than an hour or so when a weird change took place in her. Suddenly she fainted. The doctors tried to revive her, but nothing they did would bring her to. For an hour she slept. Then, as suddenly, she awakened.

Only she was no longer Norma R. Instead, she was a totally different personality—though there had been no change in her body.

Now she was a mean, spiteful, vicious 4-year-old baby

girl who announced, in a childish prattle, that her name was Polly!

"Oh, see the funny eyes!" she crowed, grabbing at the glasses of the man bending over her—Dr. Henry H. Goddard.

Headlines that day proclaimed "Young Woman is in turn Girl of 19 and Baby of 4." And before 24 hours had passed the weird transformation from Norma to Polly, or from Polly to Norma had taken place no less than eleven times!

Each time the changeover was about to take place "Norma-Polly" would notice a "peculiar sensation" in her head. Then she would faint, rousing in anywhere from five minutes to several hours as the other personality.

NORMA-POLLY was but one of many sufferers from "split personality"—a better expression might be "disintegrated personality"—to be cured by patient psychiatric care that in time merged the dissociated

(Continued on page 60)



Can you be two, or more, people
in one? These weird, fantastic
cases show that it is possible.
A personality can be split into
two, sometimes several, pieces

"Posed by a professional model."

"I said I'd KILL You!"

By DON PRINGLE

FICTION

**When death stares you in the face,
a piece of bad luck may turn out
the best thing that ever happened**

DEATH was sitting in my easy chair when I pushed open the front door.

I had seen the white, bony face with its glittering eyes only once in reality—six months ago when the mask slipped from it in the Ridgeville Savings Bank, again when I picked it out for the police from a stack of F.B.I. photos, and a thousand times in nightmares.

Nicky Ragon picked up the gun from the arm of the chair and flicked it sideways. His thin lips barely moved. His voice was brittle, flat.

"Get inside and close the door."

Fear gripped my throat like a pair of hands. The pent up air made my chest throb with pain as it had for weeks after the auto accident. Rubbery kneed, I stepped into the livingroom and closed the door.

"Surprised?" Ragon's eyes stared up at me as fixed as rivets in a plate of steel. The dilated pupils gleamed with pin points of light. The police had said he was a marihuana addict.

I shook my head numbly.

"Thought I wouldn't find you, huh?"

"No." I leaned against the door to keep my fear weakened knees from buckling. The odor of the cake my wife had baked before she and Jimmy went to the matinee, was still in the air.

We had planned to celebrate my getting better. Today was the first I had been out of the house in three months.

Celebrate! A ball of nausea danced in my stomach.

A smile made bloodless lines of Ragon's lips. His eyes still bored into mine, unblinking. He said, "I'm a guy who keeps promises. I said I'd kill you if you ratted to the police."

"Two weeks ago I sneak back to Ridgeville to keep that promise. I find your house empty. Too bad, I figure. The welshing bank clerk fixes it so I'll go to the chair. Then he moves away so I can't get even."

Ragon paused, leaned forward, the smile growing until his teeth were as visible as those of a death's head: "Want to know how I found you had moved here?"

I didn't say anything. The purr of the refrigerator padded into the livingroom silence. On the fireplace mantle the clock ticked away the seconds. My heart was hammering, making my entire chest hurt.

FINALLY, I said, "You're here. It doesn't make any difference how you got here."

Ragon shrugged his narrow shoulders. Still grinning, he said, "But I want you to know how lucky little Nicky is. Day before yesterday I'm thinking what a shame it is I don't know where you moved."

"I'm in a boarding house in Denver City where I been hiding out since the bank job. As I'm thinking about you, I'm getting a shirt from the dresser."

"I see a newspaper covering the bottom of the drawer. A name catches my eye. I look closer. The name is Steve Drucy. The welshing bank clerk!"

"I grab up the newspaper and read. The news item is small. It says you got smashed up in an auto accident. It is a state paper and it gives your address."

"I look at the top of the newspaper and see it is three months old. So I figure you're out of the hospital by now and I trot down to Queenstown."

"The door of your house is unlocked. You ain't home. I sit down to wait. Lucky, me seeing that newspaper. Luck and little Nicky are always just like that."

Luck! The fear rushed out of me. Tears came to my eyes. A half laugh, half cry pushed into my throat. Luck and little Nicky were just like that! I felt the kind of anger you feel when you hit your finger with a hammer. My voice nearly screamed.

"Shoot. Go ahead, pull the damn trigger. You found me so go ahead, shoot. I don't . . ."

The outburst of words made my chest feel like it was clamped with an iron band. The sudden pains of the healing spine fracture and broken ribs were like knife thrusts.

Ragon wiggled the gun like a nagging finger. "You're losing your buttons. You're so afraid to die you're going nuts."

LUCK and little Nicky were just like that! No, I wasn't afraid of dying right then. So much bad luck had happened to me, that Ragon's finding me was the final straw.

Right after the bank robbery I had thought myself lucky. The cashier had seen Ragon's face when his mask slipped, and he was shot.

Ragon had told the rest of us to lie face down on the floor while the cashier was to pass out the loose currency. I guess he figured that only the cashier had seen his face.

(Continued on page 44)





The late Serge Voronoff with his wife. He was laughed at, called "ring-tailed monkey man."

THE TRUTH ABOUT "MONKEY GLANDS"

By **ROBERT J. GALWAY**

A FEW years ago the world's press blazoned sensational headlines and a new hope surged through many old hearts.

According to the garbled reports science had found the fountain of youth. Feebleness due to old age would soon be a bitter memory of the past.

Rejuvenation, obtained by grafting a monkey's glands, or the glands of a dead man, into an aged male would make him an asset to society instead of a burden.

Because of the exaggerated reports, two fine scientists were crucified by their colleagues and never received their just fame. The two scientists were Serge Voronoff and Eugene Steinach.

Steinach was called a witch doctor and Voronoff was stigmatized with the title "monkey man."

Today, the synthetic male hormone, testosterone, leads the parade in the search for eternal youth but

It was the ridiculed monkey gland men who pioneered in rejuvenation

much of the groundwork was laid by the "monkey man" and the "witch doctor."

Science tells us that the glands that make us age early or late are the testes and ovaries. The decay that goes with old age is due to the degeneracy of these organs.

The testes not only produce sperm but also a hormone that enters the circulatory system and makes a man feel active or feeble depending on the amount of hormone produced.

DR. SERGE VORONOFF, chief surgeon of the Paris Military Hospital, became interested in rejuvenation while traveling in the Orient. He noticed the woman-like characteristics of harem eunuchs and was informed they were picked for palace duty when they were boys of six or seven.

The boys were castrated as soon as they entered the palace. During the boys' growing period, castration induced long legs, small, hairless heads, and feminine type breasts.

They aged early and died fairly young. All because



Eugene Steinach was ridiculed.
They called him "witch doctor."

the hormone that would have been manufactured if they hadn't been mutilated was missing from the system.

Dr. Voronoff conducted his first experiments on animals. He collected a number of old, dying rams and he-goats, first making sure that they were dying from old age and nothing else.

Next, he operated on young, active animals and removed a portion of their testes which he grafted into the bodies of their old, feeble brothers.

A few days after the graft, the old animals were like new. Their eyes were again clear, and their skins were glossy. To top it off, virile activity returned, and some of the old boys even sired young ones.

Dr. Voronoff performed 120 grafts and in every case the results were miraculous. He was satisfied, so far, but his ultimate goal was man.

Dr. Voronoff DID work on man, and when his results were announced to the world they caused more comments than any other scientific announcement in history.

(Continued on page 57)



The first attempts at the rejuvenation of men were made by grafting glands of monkeys. This led to the use of hormones.

TENNIS IN HIGH HEELS



Janet Winters is a pretty 20-year-old Junior at the University of Miami. Janet must be a mild-mannered girl. (All the Winters are mild in Miami.)



Janet is a blue-eyed blonde with slim figure. She keeps her delectable shape by exercising.

SHAPELY co-ed Janet Winters, of the University of Miami, likes to wear high heels at all times. She also likes to play tennis. "Why can't I play tennis in high heels?" asks Janet. And she answers her question by doing just that and getting away with it. However, it works only on a concrete court, Miami style. On clay or turf, high heels are out.



A hot game of tennis makes her thirsty for cool drink.



Playing tennis in high heels, according to Janet, helps a girl to keep her legs shapely and strong. 29



Posed by professional models

While telling lie, a person may swallow slightly, make little, unnecessary gestures in nervous way.

By L. MACKAY PHELPS

SOME years ago, Arthur C.—an astute young assistant district attorney in a large eastern city—began to be suspicious of the fidelity of his beautiful blonde wife.

Actually, he had no evidence for his suspicions. He had not heard one word of scandal about her. She kept a model home, took excellent care of their two small children, always had a ready and plausible explanation for her absences from home—bridge, a parent-teachers meetings, a "get-together with the girls," and so on.

Yet a suspicion developed in Arthur's mind, and the more he observed his wife, the more the suspicion grew.

She was, he realized, an extremely intelligent girl with more than average poise—a college graduate who had revealed considerable dramatic talent and had

actually worked a couple of years in summer stock and "road shows" before abruptly deciding to get married. And Arthur, a hard worker with a promising future, had been the lucky guy.

What was wrong was that she seemed too anxious to account to her husband for her time away from home. She always had a story, and could back it up.

If she had been out with the girls, she managed to talk to one or more of them afterward about the harmless adventure—while Arthur was sitting near the telephone and could overhear her conversation. If she went to a movie, she described the picture in detail.


Yet she was vague about other, more important events of the day. And Arthur began to wonder.

In his work, Arthur had learned about police methods of detecting whether or not suspects were lying. He knew that, generally, they did not involve such scientific aids as the famous polygraph or "lie detector," the dynameter or hand-grip testing machine, or the "truth drug" scopolomin.

Instead, they were based on easily acquired knowledge of some of the physical reactions of the average person when telling a lie, combined with a shrewd knowledge of the psychology of a guilty person.

(Continued on page 50)

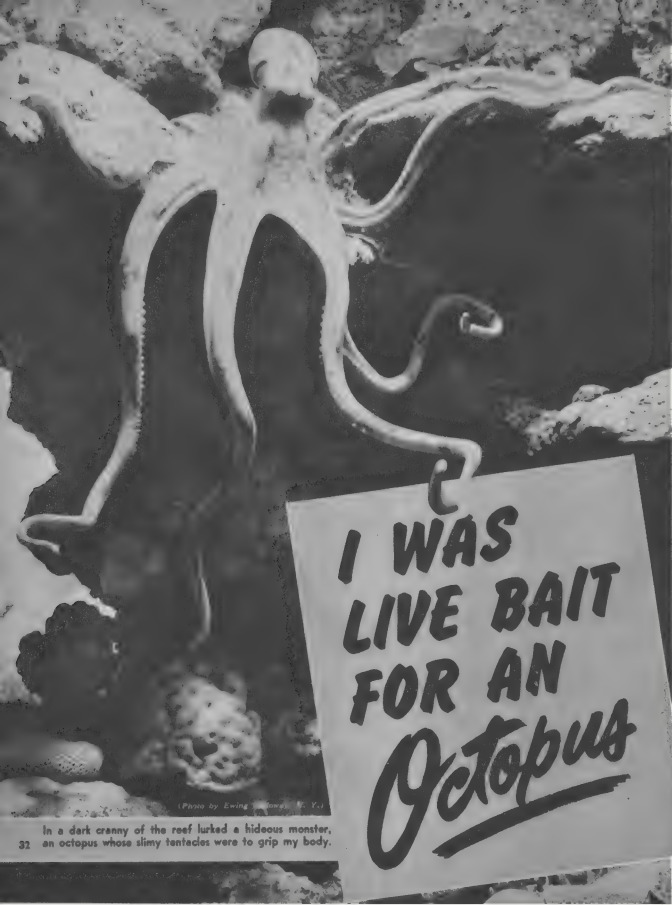
HOW TO
TELL WHEN
A PERSON IS
LYING



**Would you like to know when
your girl friend, your boss,
your employee or partner is
lying to you? Here are some
simple ways to find out if
the truth is not being told**

Posed by professional models

**Other obvious symptoms that show up a liar include: a nervous
twitching of lips, husky or cracked voice, clenching of hands.**



(Photo by Ewing Mowbray, N.Y.)

**I WAS
LIVE BAIT
FOR AN
*Octopus***

In a dark cranny of the reef lurked a hideous monster,
32 an octopus whose slimy tentacles were to grip my body.

The natives could kill an octopus with their teeth.

I wanted to do that, too

By CLARK JAMESON

FOR several years before I came to Hollywood as a motion picture "stunt man" I had kicked around in the world's far corners quite a bit, meeting with some weird and unusual adventures in my travels.

The one that tops them all was the time I acted as live-bait for an octopus.

I'm not easily frightened, but down there in the ocean's murky depths in a cranny in a reef, with the monster's slimy tentacles around me, and its hungry mouth nuzzling the skin of my chest, I knew fear—real fear.

I still sometimes wake up in a cold sweat as I re-live it in my dreams.

I've fought and killed tiger sharks in a studio tank with only a knife for a weapon and wrestled with crocodiles in my picture work. But neither of these adventures awakened in me the fear and horror that that decapod did.

I had been fairly successful on a gold-hunting expedition in the interior of New Guinea and had drifted up to the Gilbert Island group to investigate stories I'd heard of natives using humans as live bait and killing octopi with their teeth.

I had seen octopi with tentacles from eighteen to twenty feet long that looked far too formidable for any man to kill with his teeth and I was frankly skeptical, but it was a new experience I wanted to add to my collection if it was true.

I landed on Maraki Island and began to look around. At last I found two young natives who claimed to have killed many octopi in this manner and who regarded it as great fun.

I could not imagine that tackling an octopus in its own element with only one's own teeth being "great fun," but I induced them to show me how it was done.

I insisted, however, that they demonstrate before any money changed hands. They agreed and I left them, still skeptical.

We met on the jetty early the



I came to the Gilbert Islands because I had heard of natives who had a method of killing an octopus with their bare teeth.

next morning, and they pointed to the reef that could easily be seen from where we were standing.

"We go out there show you," grinned the larger native, "you stay here, watch."

They swam out to the reef and then turned to swim along it with their faces submerged. The idea, I supposed, was to locate an octopus in a cranny in the reef. Then I saw one lift his head and heard him shout to his companion:

"There is fine one down there. Do you go, or shall I?"

"It is my turn to be bait this morning," said the other, and I saw him draw a deep breath and then vanish. In less than a minute the other, who had his face submerged

watching, dived after his companion.

A few seconds later, they broke water not far from each other, and I saw an octopus laying on the first boy's chest, its awful head close under his chin.

The other boy swam to him, inserted one hand under the beast's head, lifted it and bit down.

I saw the tentacles relax and go slack, and I knew that the creature was dead.

The lad who had made the kill stripped the octopus from the other's chest, and, laughing like two school boys on a picnic, they swam toward me, one towing the octopus behind him.

(Continued on page 40)

The EMBEZZLER AND THE Blonde

By FRANK KANE

FICTION

Laura was an expensive girl, too expensive for a man who worked as assistant cashier in a small bank

HARRY FOLSOM drove his car into the garage, turned off the lights and motor, clinched his cigarette, carefully placed it in his pocket.

He would have been the first one to tell you that he was not one to live beyond his means.

His 1937 Chevrolet, his neat little inexpensive bungalow, his ready made conservative clothes were all in keeping with his modest income as assistant cashier of the Domeville Bank.

He had two extravagances, his Thursday night bowling (from which he was now returning) and his wife, Laura.

What Laura, who looked expensive from the top of her golden head to the tip of her ruby toenails, saw in Harry Folsom was a subject of conjecture in every bar and tea shop in Domeville.

Consensus of opinion was that Laura was gambling that Harry's Uncle Arthur wouldn't make a sucker out of the insurance company's actuary tables—and since Uncle Arthur couldn't take his money with him and since Harry was his only relative, it was a gamble that might conceivably pay off.

When Harry opened the front door and walked into the bungalow, Laura was waiting for him. She jumped out of the chair by the radio, crushed a half-smoked butt in the ashtray and ran toward him.

"Anything wrong, honey?" Harry wanted to know. Laura tossed her golden head. Her eyes were sparkling, her color was high. "Wrong? Everything's wonderful," she chirped. "Harry, you know that fur coat I want so badly? Well, I can have it. I can have it!"

Harry Folsom hung his hat on its peg. "Uncle Arthur's passed away?" he asked sadly.

"Uncle Arthur?" Laura stopped to think. "No, not that I've heard. No such luck."

A frown ridged Harry's forehead. "Mustn't talk that way, Laura," he admonished. "After all, Uncle Arthur's my only relative."

"Harry, I had a call from Lil Maguire. You remember Lil?"

"I thought you had broken off all contact with her, Laura? After all, you know that a man in my position can't have his wife consorting with the wife of a race track bookmaker."

Laura Folsom yanked her arm free from her husband's hand, stalked into the living room. She threw herself into a chair. "Maybe he is a bookie," she pouted, "but at least, Lil doesn't have to live in a shack like this. Look at it."

Obediently, Harry looked. The coffee table next to the couch was piled high with last Sunday's papers, filled ashtrays hung perilously on the corner of the mantle, the radio and the end tables. The rug showed evidence of relatively rare contact with a vacuum.

"It's not so bad. That is, if it was kept up," he murmured.

Laura began to cry. "That's all the thanks I get. I gave up everything to marry you, and all I get is abuse." She saw through her fingers that Harry was going to be difficult, wailed louder. "I could have married a man who'd give me everything, and—"

"Okay, okay. I'm sorry," her husband interrupted. "I've given you everything I could within reason, haven't I?"

Laura dried her eyes. "You haven't gotten me that fur coat."

"Have a heart, Laura. You know that's out of the question. Where would I get \$2000 for a fur coat? Be reasonable."

Laura dumped a fresh cigarette out of a pack, lit it. She walked over to her husband, stuck it between his lips. "Suppose I did tell you where to get it? Would you get me the coat?"

(Continued on page 42)





THE JAZZIEST CAR IN THE WORLD

Devney's car has 12 horns and 107 lights. The eight separate exhaust pipes make a deafening roar, and chrome gleams from numerous gadgets.



Pieces from Fords, Nashes, Studebakers and other cars have submerged the LaSalle base.

THE credit of owning the world's jazziest car belongs to John Joseph Devney, of Cincinnati, Ohio. Devney, a car painter by profession, started three years ago with a 1935 LaSalle. Today after spending \$4,000 and uncounted hours of hard work, he has a flashy "hot rod" in a class by itself.

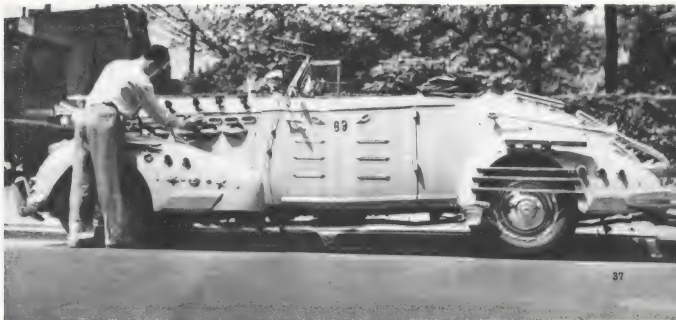


One of the 12 horns is from a diesel train. There's also a chrome bell, shiny and loud.



Besides those eight exhausts, there are flexible, chrome, air-cooled pumps on each side of the car. 22 neon lights flash when car stops.

Devney claims sixteen miles to the gallon and record breaking speeds with his mobile accessory display. He works hard to keep car clean.



TEN TOUGH WOMEN

(Continued from page 7)

Louisiana. But the cops took no chances. Sooner or later, the killers would have to come out for food—or starve. So the police dug in and waited.

Bonnie and Clyde made their own choice. They decided on another rush through the police-lines. Roaring through the woods in their car, they drove into the cross-fire of police artillery and were both shot full of holes.

VERY similar to Bonnie and Clyde, was the team of George and Kathryn Kelly. All four operated in almost the same part of the Southwest.

Like Clyde, George was not too bright. And like Bonnie, Katie was blood-thirsty. She gave George a machine-gun for a Christmas present, and then nick-named him Machine-Gun Kelly.

She drove him around the countryside, making him practice with it until his head rattled. Then she collected the slugs and gave them to underworld friends as souvenirs.

The Kelly mob specialized in bank robberies, all engineered and personally supervised by Katie. The shooting always began on her orders. But after George fouled up

a few jobs, Katie looked around for a safer racket. She decided on kidnaping.

The gang managed to kidnap Charles F. Urschel, a wealthy Oklahoma oilman, and they hid him on the Texas ranch of Katie's stepfather, which they had previously used as a hang-out and loot storage depot.

After the ransom was paid, Katie told George to kill Urschel.

She figured that was much simpler than turning him loose. But George lost his nerve, as did the rest of the gang. They freed Urschel one day while Katie was off on a shopping spree.

Urschel was an intelligent man. From the conversations he had heard while a prisoner, he was able to guide Federal agents to the ranch.

However, Katie and George had already left. Undaunted, the agents took Katie's mother and stepfather as accomplices in the crime.

This made Katie mad. She actually convinced George that he should surrender himself to the police in exchange for the release of her parents. George wrote the police a letter, suggesting this—but the deal was refused.

Furious, Katie forced George to

write threatening letters to the jury which tried her parents. Through these letters, the police located Katie and George, captured them, and sent them both to prison for life.

EVEN in confidence rackets, women refuse to be outdone by men. A shining example was Cassie Lydia Chadwick, who undoubtedly pulled the smoothest "fleeing" job in the history of the country.

With the aid of a document which she forged, she convinced a banker that she was the illegitimate daughter of Andrew Carnegie, the steel king.

She then got a sizeable loan from the banker, which she promised to repay when she inherited the Carnegie fortune. With the papers of that loan, she toured banks throughout the country, borrowing more money.

She lived like a queen until one banker, worried about his money, went to Andrew Carnegie for verification. Cassie soon found herself in prison on a 10-year sentence, but she didn't live long enough to complete it. She died in jail in 1907.

Nobody knows how much she managed to "borrow" but the bankers who sheepishly made reports of their gullibility estimated the figure in the vicinity of several million. These days, con men speak of Cassie with the utmost reverence.

TO this day, the Denver police aren't certain whether or not Mrs. Pearl O'Laughlin killed her step-daughter. But the evidence against her was enough for a jury to send her to prison for life. This much the police did know:

Young Leona O'Loughlin was found floating in a swamp, her head bashed in. An autopsy disclosed the presence of powdered glass in her stomach.

During the investigation, Pearl's husband, a detective, was ill. A stomach-pump brought up a deposit of powdered glass. Pearl's father-in-law found powdered glass in his sugar bowl. The family's two dogs and cats died: again powdered glass was discovered.

Despite the additional terrific circumstantial evidence against her, Mrs. O'Laughlin insisted she was innocent. Throughout the investigation, she was calm and smiling. But she made two remarks that assured the police they had the right suspect. She said:

"I have done a great wrong. Let me atone for it the best way I can."

And she later said defiantly:



"You can't hang me if I don't confess. You don't think I've been a detective's wife for nothing!"

After being a model prisoner for 20 years, Mrs. O'Laughlin was paroled. But she refused to leave prison, stayed on as nurse maid to the warden's children. Still secret in her heart is the only thing that continues to puzzle police:

If she killed Leona, as the evidence declared—what was her motive?

Nevertheless, the murder was rehearsed with the kind of cold heart that makes hardened men shudder.

ONE of the shrewdest experts in lesser crime was Fredericka Goldberg Mandelbaum, a short, fat, ugly woman who married the owner of a Brooklyn dry-goods store.

Known as Ma Mandelbaum, she turned the store into a headquarters for stolen articles. Soon, she was the biggest "fence" in the country.

She had scores of crooks working for her. Even thieves who worked alone knew Ma would take "hot" goods off their hands. Cleverly, she eluded the police for years until she was finally caught with some of the stolen property in her apartment.

But the police couldn't hold her. She escaped to Canada and quickly disappeared from the public eye, never to be heard from again.

Sophie Lyons was a protegee of Ma Mandelbaum, but Sophie worked a bigger racket: swindling. Though she took part in a few bank robberies, her main occupation was "advising" wealthy widows how to invest their money. They never saw it again.

When the swindling business was slack, Sophie was not adverse to picking up any stray jewelry she happened to see in the homes of her rich clients. Like Ma, she escaped to Canada when the police got on her trail.

ANOTHER husband and wife team who looked to crime for luxury were Edward and Cecelia Clooney. They met while working in the laundry of a Brooklyn hospital in 1924.

Convinced that hard work was not meant for them, they began a series of stick-ups which panicked shop-keepers and brought screaming headlines of "crime wave" to the local press.

The Clooney's career was brought to an end by an act of God: Cecelia got pregnant. Having limited themselves to small robberies, they decided to pull one big job, then

go to Florida until the baby was born.

The big job: the Brooklyn office of the National Biscuit Company. They hired a limousine, slugged the driver, then tossed him in the back, bound and gagged.

Cecelia, who handled the gun during stick-ups, later told how proud it made her, feel to ride in the big car, like a wealthy matron, while her feet rested on the chauffeur's neck.

At the company office, they herded the employees into a back room. As the cashier passed Cecelia, he made a grab for her gun and knocked her down. Then he ducked into the backroom and slammed the door.

Scared, Edward picked up the gun and fired through the door. Unnerved, the Clooneys fled, without stopping to pick up the money.

They got to Florida, where the baby was born but soon died. Meanwhile, the police found an address book which Cecelia had dropped during the frustrated hold-up. It contained the Jacksonville address where they had gone. Captured there, they both received long prison sentences.

WHAT brought beautiful Lydia Myers to the attention of the police was the fact that she seemed to be very busy burying her husbands. In the course of a few months, she put four of them in their graves, collecting meanwhile, a fortune in insurance.

The police dug up the men and found traces of arsenic in each. Lydia was captured in Hawaii where she was working on Husband No. 5, a highly insured sailor. Quick action on the part of the police saved the sailor and his insurance, and sent Lydia to prison for life.

With Mrs. Inez Brennan, of Delaware, murder was a family affair. A widow and a divorcee, she sought her victims through lonely-hearts clubs. Her son Robert, 23 when the crimes were committed in 1949, admitted killing one man and said his mother killed another.

"Mom told me to do it," Robert told the police.

Mrs. Brennan's plan was to invite her pen-pals to her farm, hinting to them that she would marry them on arrival. Expecting to stay on indefinitely, the men brought along what few valuables they owned. They stayed, all right—but not as they expected.

Both men were shot at close range. Robert confessed that he shot the first victim in the face as the man climbed up to the barn

loft. He said his mother shot the second man as he turned to leave the room. Both men were buried in the pig-pen.

Suspicious neighbors tipped off the police. Mrs. Brennan and her son both received life sentences.

FLORIDA-BORN Martha Beck also met murder through lonely-hearts clubs. It was Ray Fernandes who arranged the introduction. A bigamist, Ray toured the country to swindle women he met through the clubs. He went to Florida and to Martha because he considered her another prospect.

But Martha was too smart and too poor. When he tried to call off their romance, Martha refused. Together, they hit the road in search of customers for Fernandez. Martha posed as his sister.

In New York, they met Mrs. Janet Fay, a widow, and took her for \$6000. But Martha quarreled with Mrs. Fay, slugged her with a hammer, then commanded Ray to strangle her. Later, they buried Mrs. Fay in cement in the basement of a house they rented in Queens, across the river.

Heading westward, they went to Grand Rapids, Michigan. There, they called on another of Ray's pen-pals, Mrs. Delphine Downing, a 31-year-old widow. Ray liked Mrs. Downing, which infuriated Martha.

After Ray tried to bribe Martha to leave town, she gave Mrs. Downing an overdose of sleeping pills. Ray then shot Mrs. Downing in the head. Two days later, Martha drowned Mrs. Downing's baby in a basement sink.

Worried neighbors called the police. Martha and Ray were arrested. Extradited to New York and tried for the murder of Mrs. Fay, they were found guilty and both died in the electric chair in Sing Sing in 1951.

BUT all these were crimes of the past. Police everywhere are holding their breath, fearful that right this minute a new Bonnie Parker may be sipping a beer in some dark saloon, or a new Cassie Chadwick may be forging her first check, or a Martha Beck may be scribbling a mash note to a member of a lonely-hearts club.

These fears are justified, and they will remain so until the end of time when the last crime will be committed—undoubtedly by a woman. And why not? After all, the first crime of the world was the work of a woman—it was Eve, who stole an apple in the Garden of Eden!

THE END

LIVE BAIT FOR OCTOPUS

(Continued from page 33)

THEY landed and approached, holding the thing up for me to see. I noticed that it was much smaller than the ones I had seen.

I also noticed that it had ten tentacles instead of the customary eight, and that two of them were much shorter than the others.

I asked the boys about this, and they told me that the creature used the two short ones to anchor itself to the rocks. One boy said:

"Octopus make fine dinner tonight. You come help us eat him?"

I immediately thought of many things I had rather do than eat an octopus and told them so. They laughed. Then one said:

"Good time now for us to show you how we do. You like to go now?"

"Just a minute," I temporized. "You boys made it seem too easy. You're sure there's no joker in it? What if I get down there with an octopus ready to eat me, and you don't show up?"

"Oh no!" They both looked shocked and insulted. "No, we never do that. You safe with us all right."

I still hesitated. I am a powerful swimmer, and risks are bread and meat to me, but somehow I just did not like the idea. Noticing, they urged me on.

"No be afraid. We get you out."

THAT settled it. No man likes to be thought a coward, especially

in the South Seas where the taking of desperate risks is a part of everyday living. I forced a grin to match theirs.

"I've always said I'd try anything once. Let's go!"

"Wait!" One of the boys grasped my arm as I started for the reef. "More to tell before you try octopus. We find him first, show him to you."

"You go down, swim slow past place he is until he grab you. Hold arm over eyes. Suckers get on eyeball, pain so great you let breath out, no can rise and bring octopus. Must hold breath."

"When octopus got you, I come, grab you, pull you loose. Octopus too busy thinking about eating you to hold on very hard. You get up topside, turn over on back so I can get octopus's head. I do rest."

You make that sound simple too, I thought, only you won't be the one the octopus will be trying to eat.

We swam out to the reef, and I floated while they looked for an octopus. Soon a shout told me they had found one. I swam to a place over the reef where they were grinning toothily and treading water.

"Put head down, and I show," said one, putting his own face under water.

I looked down, but could see nothing. The water was clear and I could see the reef plainly, but no octopus.

Then a small fish started to swim past the cranny. As swift as light a tentacle flashed out and gathered it in. The victim was only a fish but I knew what manner of death it had died, and I shuddered.

ILIFTED my head, filled my lungs with air and went down. I swam slowly past the cranny where I'd seen the fish vanish, but nothing happened, so I swam past again more slowly, and something did.

An arm snaked out and fastened itself like a steel bracelet around my left wrist, and then I felt another tentacle slip around my waist and grip tight.

I wanted to scream, as I felt myself being drawn slowly into the cranny where the monster lurked, waiting to devour me, but I suppressed it.

It was pitch dark inside the cranny, but I felt a slimy presence against my upper body and I had to stifle my fears and attempt to break free, as the mouth of the creature began to nuzzle the skin just under my collar bone, seeking a place to begin its feast.

Panic gripped me, and I struggled, but the constrictive power of those tentacles held me like a vise.

I must have passed into a semi-coma, but I felt as though I had awakened from sleep when I felt two human hands on my shoulders.

They gripped hard, and I was jerked violently back. Then I knew that one of the boys had jerked the octopus' hold free, for we were drifting toward the surface. This had taken only a few seconds, but it seemed an eternity.

We broke water into the sunlight, and I almost retched as I saw that awful slimy bloated shape clinging to my chest.

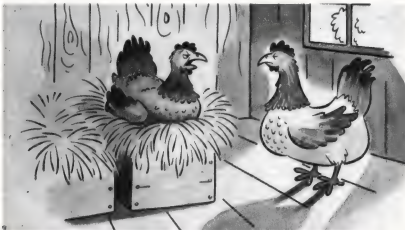
I rolled over, and a hand reached under the thing's head and jerked, as white teeth bit deep.

I felt the tentacles relax, then fall away, and I let my breath out in a great explosive gasp.

I must have fainted and sunk, for the next thing I knew I woke up lying on my back on the beach with the two boys grinning down at me. I sat up and regurgitated a few gallons of sea water.

One boy was holding the dead octopus up for me to see. It was even smaller than the one they had killed earlier, but it was big enough to convince me that I would never again act as live bait for an octopus.

THE END



"I don't get out much these days. It's so hard to get a sitter."

WHAT WILL THE YANKEES DO?

(Continued from page 13)

Yankee manager Casey Stengel also predicts a rosy future for Gil.

"McDougald looked good enough last season, but watch him pick up that trick of hitting into right field in '52," said Stengel.

"He drove the ball to right field when, on occasion, it was suggested to him," added Casey.

"This year, the fans can expect to see him hit far more often to right field than he did in 1951," concluded the Yankee pilot.

If McDougald is able to hit to right field more often this year, his batting average should rise at least five points before the season ends. This could establish him as the leading money player-successor to DiMaggio.

Of course, there is Mickey Mantle, the widely-publicized rookie of '51, to be considered, too. Mickey didn't quite live up to his advance notices and was shipped back to the Kansas City farm club for a part of last season.

Now, however, he is on a spot. He has been selected to fill Joe DiMaggio's shoes in center field.

It is doubtful if Mickey can make the fans forget DiMaggio this year.

There are other Yankee rookies who may blossom into full bloom within another year. They are Jackie Jensen and Bob Cerv, outfielders. Potentially, both are hitters in the true Yankee tradition.

Becoming the No. 1 money player in a star aggregation such as the New York Yankees is not always something to be quickly accomplished. Babe Ruth was an exception. When ex-business manager Ed Barrow secured Ruth from the Boston Red Sox, the Babe was already an established star even though yet to win his title of Sultan of Swat.

However, Ruth was top man of the team as soon as he put on a Yankee uniform. And the Babe remained top man of several star teams for the next few years.

AFTER Ruth passed on, Lou Gehrig came out from the shadow of the Babe.

Larruping Lou wasn't as flamboyant a figure as Ruth and didn't attract nearly as much publicity, but he was, beyond doubt, the Crown Prince and legitimate successor to Ruth.

Unfortunately, his amazing record of 2130 consecutive games, which should stand for all time, is overshadowed by the Babe's feats at bat.

For instance, on June 3, 1932, Gehrig went to bat four times and belted out four homers, but the next day's headlines didn't go to him.

He played second fiddle to the news that Bill Terry had succeeded John McGraw as manager of the New York Giants. However, just as there was only one Babe Ruth, there was, also, only one Lou Gehrig.

As Gehrig started to slip from his peak form of the Twenties, another Yankee stepped into the limelight. He made his first appearance in a Yankee uniform in May, 1936. He was (you've guessed it) Joe DiMaggio.

He was late getting into a uniform because of a badly burned foot, something that seemed to be a prediction of things to come.

He, unlike Gehrig, had been widely publicized and he more than lived up to the advance publicity.

DiMaggio might have left an even greater record than he did, were it not for the two years he served in the Army in World War II. He went into the service while at the peak of his career.

Today, it is easy to figure out why some of the Yankee Stadium fans crane their necks up at the TV booth when the bases are full and a run-getting hit is needed.

They look up wistfully, and in vain, for Joe DiMaggio is a TV man now. His graceful and powerful batting swing is just something to be stored among treasured memories.

IT is in the Yankee tradition that the No. 1 money player must be a hitter. That is why Manager Stengel is grooming McDougald to hit to right field and also why Casey is studying Mantle's potentials as a left-hand hitter.

Originally, Mantle hit 14 home runs left-handed and 12 right-handed.

Since he has been in the American League he has not done very well as a right-handed batter.

In this year of competition, the New York Yankees obviously do not have the quantity of talent that

distinguished Yankee teams of other years.

As late as 1949, for example, there was Tommy Henrich flanking Joe DiMaggio in the outfield.

Today's team has Berra, McDougald and the veteran Phil Rizzuto as standouts, but there isn't the depth of talent that was apparent in recent years.

McDougald still must meet that second year's test. Potentially, Mantle is a big money player. As of now, he isn't.

Back in the early Twenties, for instance, there was Babe Ruth who led a parade of stars such as Bob Meusel, Wally Pipp, Everett Scott, Joe Dugan and Wally Schang.

Then there were the power-laden Yankees of 1927 with the addition of Earle Combs, the hard-hitting, speedy outfielder.

As time went on, Lazzeri, Crossetti and Dickey backed up Ruth and Gehrig. When Tony Lazzeri was through he was succeeded by Joe "Flash" Gordon.

After Gordon moved on, there was George Stirnweiss and a ball-blasting, beetle-browed outfielder named Charlie Keller to round out a great outfield triumvirate of Henrich, DiMaggio and Keller. Such power is missing from the current New York Yankee entry.

Today, second baseman Jerry Coleman is not rated with the George Stirnweiss of 1941, nor is Jackie Jensen another Charlie Keller.

TO develop an outstanding money player for the Yankee organization, a combination of shrewd scouting and a big bankroll is often necessary.

The bankroll, plus scouting brought Joe DiMaggio into the Yankee fold. Boston owner Harry Frazee's willingness to sacrifice the immediate future of the Red Sox enabled the shrewd Ed Barrow to get Ruth for other players and cash from Boston.

It seems that the Yankee fans will have to wait a year or two before "the big fellow," whoever he may be, takes over as the No. 1 money player and inspirational force for his teammates. Gil McDougald may be that man. Or Mickey Mantle or Yogi Berra. Or Phil Rizzuto.

In any event, there is no Babe Ruth or Joe DiMaggio or even a Lou Gehrig on the horizon. It may be that the Yankee pattern of winning combinations is to be different in the future.

THE END

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EMBEZZLER AND THE BLONDE

(Continued from page 34)

Harry took a deep drag on the cigarette, let the smoke dribble through his nostrils. "Where?"

"Betting on a certain horse."

"That's out." Harry walked past her, dropped into his favorite chair. "In the first place, if the bank found out I was betting on horses I'd be through. Besides, Uncle Arthur'd cut me out of his will."

"Uncle Arthur!" Laura sneered. She stamped back to her chair, stuck a cigarette in her mouth where it dangled when she talked.

"That's all I've heard since I met you, Uncle Arthur! And what's it got us? Nothing."

"He's not going to die, he's going to outlive both of us. He's just mean enough!" She lit the cigarette, blew a feathery tendrill of smoke ceilingward. "As for the bank, they'd never know."

Harry shook his head. "Even so, I haven't got any money to bet on any horse race. How could we win \$2000 by betting what I could lay my hands on?"

THE blonde speared a minute crumb of tobacco from her tongue with the tip of a carefully shellacked nail, studied it. "You can lay your hands on enough to set us up for life. The horse pays 20 to 1."

Harry Folsom was shocked. "You mean take it from the bank? Do you realize what you're asking me to do, Laura? Do you realize?"

"Don't be so dramatic about it," his wife barked. "You'll be putting it back the next day. It's just a short term loan—from closing of business one day to opening of business the next. What can you lose?"

Harry puffed hard. "Suppose something happened? Suppose the horse lost? Suppose—well, suppose a million things. What would we do? I'd go to jail."

"Nothing's going to happen," Laura told him impatiently. "Lil says Marty's betting a fortune on the horse himself. It's—it's in the bag for the horse to win."

The husband fought a losing battle, finally agreed to think it over. That night, Harry Folsom did little sleeping. He knew that he had no choice but to agree, unless he wanted to lose his wife, and that left him no choice at all.

THE following day being Friday, the day when town payrolls were made up, he had plenty of opportunity to "borrow" the necessary money. That afternoon, when he met Laura for lunch, he had \$2,000 of the bank's money in his pockets.

Whatever misgivings he had were dissipated by the excited, happy look on his wife's face. He turned the money over to her, rushed back to the bank.

It would be a simple matter to cover up the missing cash that night, but it was obvious that the money would have to be replaced before the bank examiners arrived three days hence.

However, Harry anticipated no difficulty in that. \$2,000 at 20 to 1 amounted to \$40,000! Enough to pay the bank back and live a life of ease.

For one chill moment he considered the possibility of the horse losing. What then? Well, if worst came to worst he could go to Uncle Arthur and make a clean breast of it.

The old man would be wild and would cut him out of his will, but he wouldn't see him go to jail. It was worth the gamble.

THE rest of Friday dragged by on leaden feet. Finally, after it seemed it would never come, the gong clanged for closing. Harry Folsom was one of the first employees out. He could hardly keep himself from running.

His horse ran in the sixth race with a post time of 5:10. Right now it was probably rounding the first turn.

He didn't take the time to put the Chevrolet into the garage. He left it in the driveway and ran into the house. Laura was sitting by the radio sobbing audibly. A cold spot settled in the pit of his stomach then worked its way up his back and down to his feet.

"Laura, what is it?"

Laura lifted a tear-stained face. "It—it lost. Now I won't get my coat," she blatted. "It lost!"

Harry Folsom steadied himself against the door jam, automatically hung his hat on the peg, walked to his favorite chair.

"Maybe you won't get that new coat, but I'm sure going to get a new suit," he jested feebly. "And I look like Hell in stripes."

He sat numbly trying to read on the blankness of the wall what had prompted him to—

The jangling of the telephone jarred him to consciousness. He wondered vaguely how long it had

been ringing. Automatically he walked over, lifted it from its hook. "Yes?"

The metallic voice on the other end of the phone identified itself as Lou Vickers, one of the tellers. "You got away too fast to hear the news, Harry," the voice told him. "The bank examiners took over tonight. Came in just as we were leaving."

Harry Folsom sat down hard on the telephone stool. "The examiners? Tonight?"

The receiver chattered. Harry missed most of what it had to say. Just one sentence stuck in his mind. "They're giving us all a good checkup, I understand. Must be something up."

He remembered vaguely hanging up the receiver, looked up to see the white face of his wife hanging in space over him.

"The examiners came in tonight," he told her weakly.

HER voice cut shrilly through his daze. "What are you going to do, Harry? They'll find it out, won't they?"

Harry nodded dumbly. They'd find it out, all right. He was finished at the bank. Unless he put back the money, they'd prosecute. But no matter what, he was finished. He looked up.

"I've got to ask Uncle Arthur for the money," he told her.

"What'll he do?"

Harry shrugged his thin shoulders. "Cut me out of the will. I'll be finished at the bank, too." He picked up the receiver wearily. "But even that's better than jail."

He gave the operator the number, ignored his wife's walls. He could hear the phone ringing on the other end, but no answer. A sudden fear gripped his stomach. There had to be Uncle Arthur never went anywhere, unless—

Unless he had one of the boys drive him up to his summer place upstate. And if he had? There was no way to reach him.

AN hour later, he told the operator to stop trying. Uncle Arthur was gone. There was no way to reach him, no way to get the money to make his embezzlement good.

He and Laura didn't bother to turn on the lights. They sat in the dark, without speaking, just waiting. At 10 o'clock the phone rang. Harry picked it up.

"Folsom?" the receiver demanded.

"Yes."

"This is Carter, President of the bank. I must see you immediately. I've got the examiners here. We'll be right over."

The phone clicked dead in his ear. He stared at it in the dark for a moment, then replaced it.

Laura came over, touched his arm. "Was it—?"

He nodded. "They found it. They are coming for me. It means jail."

Laura sobbed loudly and wetly, her walls falling on deaf ears. Harry Folsom knew one thing. He could not and would not be parted from his wife. He patted her on the shoulder, went up to his bedroom. He opened the drawer containing his shirts, then went back downstairs.

Laura sat in the big chair. She was making an ineffectual stab at removing the signs of her weeping. She looked up as he re-entered the room, threw her hands up over her face.

The gun barked three times, the hand fell, Laura relaxed in her chair.

Harry Folsom walked over, kissed his wife's brow, then the gun barked again, and he fell forward across her lap. Somewhere a police siren wailed, then silence fell in the room.

THE telephone jangled so hard it almost danced. The man in the police uniform answered it.

"Yeah?"

"Mr. Folsom?" the receiver asked. "This is Joel Harris, your uncle's attorney. I'm sorry to tell you that your uncle is dead."

"That's tough, mister," the man in the police uniform said. "But so is Mr. Folsom. And Mrs. Folsom, too, for that matter."

The receiver gasped. "But-but how?"

"Don't ask me, Mac," the policeman said. "All I know is that the examiners found a shortage at the bank, the cashier blew his brains out."

"The bank president gets me to give him an escort over here to ask this guy Folsom to act as cashier and help pull the bank out of a scandal, and we find them like this!"

"B-but was Mr. Folsom involved?"

The policeman shrugged. "Who knows? There's a shortage of \$27,000, and the cashier leaves a note admitting he was short in his accounts. Now nobody'll ever know whether he got the whole 27 grand or not."



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"I SAID I'D KILL YOU!"

(Continued from page 24)

The newspapers played up the story that I, too, had seen the robber-murderer's face and was going to check FBI photo files to try and identify him.

Ragon must have gotten my name and address from the papers, for he warned me (by a long distance phone call) not to identify him or he'd kill me.

I had seen how coldly he had killed the cashier and I wasn't sure that he wouldn't carry out the threat.

I decided to tell the police that the photo wasn't in the files. The police had indicated that there was just a million to one chance that the photo would be there.

But when I saw the picture of Ragon I handed it to the police. I guess I would have felt like a criminal myself if I hadn't.

The police record showed that Ragon had served a prison sentence on a dope running charge. It revealed too, that he was a marihuana addict.

That fact weakened my feeling that he wouldn't take the risk of coming back to Ridgeville to kill me.

Seldom a night passed for a month after the robbery that my wife and I wouldn't awaken, half expecting a gun to blast at us from the darkness. We were even afraid to send Jimmy to school.

Then I decided to quit my job and move to another town. We found a house in Queenstown. I found a job a month later, book-keeping for a building contractor.

The day before I was to draw my first pay check, my sedan had a blowout as I was driving home from work. The car went through a guard rail and plunged down a ravine.

The smashup made the car carion for a junk dealer. I got six broken ribs and a cracked spine.

The doctors circled my chest with a plaster cast, kept me in the hospital a month then sent me home.

Five years of savings went to pay the doctor and hospital bills, leaving enough to keep us going until I would be able to go back to work again.

But the bad luck didn't get me or my wife down. We had a philoso-

phy that everything turns out for the best, if you give it enough time.

Now here was Nicky Ragon led to me by bad luck itself. Luck and little Nicky are just like that! With a twenty thousand dollar price tag on his head he was still free.

HIS smile was gone now. The black hole in the gun's muzzle looked up at me as unwavering as his eyes. Fear swept over me, like an icy draft, snuffing out my bitter rage.

"I like to see you afraid," he said. "I like to keep you wondering when the gun's going off. Keep an eye on it. Keep wondering."

"And keep thinking about how nice everything would be if you had listened to little Nicky in the beginning. You wouldn't have to die and I wouldn't be facing a murder rap."

"When I get tired of looking at you, you'll see the fire come from the gun. Maybe I'm tired right now. Keep watching the gun. It will tell you when little Nicky is tired."

He leaned back in the chair, his face a mask of hate, and sat there as motionless as the chair itself. My hands were behind me. I could almost feel the sweat ooze from the palms, pressed against the door.

It seemed that every muscle in my body tightened as the clock on the mantle ticked at the silence.

The clock! Its face was turned from me. Ellen and Jimmy had left for the movie matinee a half hour before I went for a walk. How much time had passed since then? Two hours? Three? Were they on their way home now?

I quit breathing. Even my heart seemed to stop beating. He would kill them, if they came while he was here. I had to make him shoot now.

Fear gripped so that I could hardly bend my legs. My arm muscles tensed, as I got ready to hurl myself away from the door. A sudden narrowing of Ragon's eyes told me the shot was coming before I could move.

The bullet smashed into my chest with the impact of a flat iron. The gun's roar filled the room. A yellow haze mushroomed before my eyes. I was vaguely aware of staggering away from the door, and of the

floor rushing up to meet me. I don't remember hitting it.

I WAS next aware of a fuzzy blackness before my eyes. The blackness moved, and its outlines sharpened. I saw that it was a shoe. I heard laughter that seemed to come from far away.

Then my chest began to throb. The pain cleared my mind a little, and I saw that I was lying on my side in front of the chair, inches from Ragon's feet. His face was a blur of white above me.

"Chump," he said. "Chump. How does hell look?"

My chest felt as though it was filled with hot coals. The pain grew. The yellow haze drifted back, went away again.

I could see Ragon sitting in the chair, bent forward, his elbows on his knees, the gun dangling from his hand. The gun!

I felt paralyzed. If only I could reach up fast. I concentrated on my right hand, trying to bring strength into it. The seconds were like hours. I said a silent prayer and jerked my hand up.

My fingers smashed into the gun. Ragon gave a startled cry, and the gun fell to the floor. I grabbed it and rolled over on my back. There was a blur of motion as he hurled himself from the chair.

I yanked the trigger. The gun bucked and flew from my fingers. Ragon crashed down on me like an avalanche of rocks. The last I remember was the sound of footsteps and Ellen's scream.

IT was a couple of weeks later that I received the twenty thousand dollar reward for killing Ragon. The bullet had caught him squarely in the forehead.

And his bullet had struck me right over the heart.

I had worried the plaster cast so long I had forgotten I had it on. Even so I wouldn't have thought it would stop a bullet. It hadn't really. The bullet plowed through the cast and lodged between the ribs over my heart.

So if it hadn't been for the auto accident—well, I guess you might say that luck and me are just like that.

THE END

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VICIOUS BARROOM RACKETS

(Continued from page 9)

of the respectable, transient hotels that cluster about the main business district.

This, because her ideal quarry is an out-of-town, middle-aged, respectable business man who wants an evening "out on the town" during his short stay in the city.

In less time than it takes to write this, the girl can usually make a pick up. Once she has a sucker in tow, they start making a round of bars and night clubs.

In each of the places they go, the girl is an apparent stranger, hence her slang name: "steerer," as she must guide the sucker to a particular bar without appearing to do so.

Once within the night spot and seated, it is the duty of the girl to chat amusingly, dangle the potentiality of sex-to-come alluringly before the sucker and, above all, to keep the drinks coming their way.

She drinks expensive drinks and brands and reorders frequently while, at the same time, deftly urging her companion-for-the-evening to do the same.

She suggests expensive brands for him to try and urges as many extras as she can upon her escort.

She can smoke only a brand of cigarette he isn't carrying. She thinks the stuffed doll on the cigarette girl's tray the cutest thing she's ever seen, and the like.

Should he tire of the place or not like it for some reason, they'll leave immediately. But, once more, she'll steer him to another bar on her working list.

Then, when he's either broke or his amorous advances are getting too rough for her, she'll simply excuse herself to go to the powder room.

By the time the sucker realizes she's gone for good, she's either safely home in bed or has picked up another chump to start the rounds all over again on the other side of town.

If, by chance, he suspects she's planning to run out on him, it's a simple matter for her to secretly signal a waiter or bartender and have them slip a Mickey Finn to the sucker.

While he is under its insidious influence, it's an easy thing for her to slip away unnoticed. The use of a Mickey, however, is an absolute last resort, especially if the "steerer" is still around.

WELL, you ask, what's so terrible about all this, except for the Mickey part of it? The chump would go out drinking anyway. It's his money. If he wants to toss it away pub-crawling with a good-looking floozy, why shouldn't he?

Just this, this is what's so sinister about the entire thing. The "steerer" isn't steering the sucker to a particular bar just because she likes the decor there or the way the bartender knots his tie.

She steers because she's getting a percentage or kick-back on every drink the sucker drinks and an even larger kick-back on her own drinks because she is served cold tea instead of the expensive Scotch or liquor she orders.

Admittedly (up to this point) it's all just a petty swindle, no matter how deplorable. However, once she has abandoned the sucker, he's all too frequently rolled either by strong-arm hoodlums or the actual waiters or bartenders of the barroom.

And, if during the time his pockets and wallet are being rifled and he is being stripped of his watch, rings and other valuables, the sucker should try to put up a fight, those robbing him will, of necessity, be forced to silence him.

In the process a blackjack may be swung too viciously, a blow with brass-knuckles may strike his temple, or a gun, drawn in an attempt to intimidate, may be used by a trigger-happy punk.

What started as a petty racket, a crude method of small time extortion, has ended in the basic crime—the crime that cannot be undone—murder!

THE girl who uses the lure of companionship and sex to bring the sucker into the larcenous barroom is but one of the myriad barroom rackets.

Not all barrooms practice, or allow to be practiced, these criminal gimmicks that may fleece their victims of amounts ranging from part of the small change left upon the bar top to many hundreds of dollars.

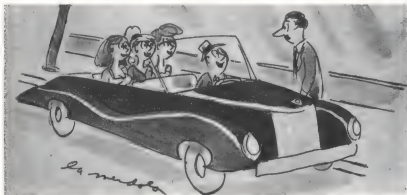
There are, however, enough barrooms that are outright clip-joints or that harbor sticky-fingered employees while ostensibly running a "clean" bar, that it behooves the individual to be most careful of the bar he chooses to drink in.

This is especially true if the thirsty person is a stranger and, even more so, if he is carrying a large sum of money on his person or is expensively or flashily dressed.

Barroom rackets of the dime to dollar class include various methods used to almost openly take change from the unsuspecting sucker. For some inexplicable reason, from coast to coast it is considered good barroom manners to leave one's change upon the bar while drinking.

This habit or custom is, of course, a natural for the bartender who is "on the take." Each time he moves the length of the bar, carefully swabbing about the glass of each customer, he has the opportunity to take a coin or so from each with his wet bar-rag.

If bills are left upon the bar, he may brush one off so that it falls behind the bar proper. Should



"I'll take it. Its rapid pick-up feature is terrific."

the customer notice there is a bill missing and complain, well, it was "just an accident. See, there is your money laying there on the floor. Draft from the door must have blown it off. . . ." If the customer doesn't notice—the bartender later pockets the money.

The bartender and a customer or two customers may "whip saw" a drunk to steal his change.

The system is simple. A person sitting upon one side of the sucker speaks to him—asks for a match or the like. When the sucker turns his head away from the bar and his drink and change to reply—whish—a coin or two is gone, taken by someone on the other side of him or by the bartender.

OTHER methods of crooking the unwary drinker are equally simple. For example, few men, after several drinks, notice exactly what they are drinking.

Therefore, the bartender may start mixing later orders with cheap, "bottom - shelf" whiskey while still charging the "top-shelf" price that was asked for the first few ordered and really served. He pockets the difference, of course.

The padding of bills and substitution of bills are equally crude, but effective. The padding of a bill is obvious, but the dim lights of the average bistro make the checking of a bill difficult at best.

When there is added the cumulative effects of drinking, plus a sneering waiter, plus a disdainful date (who may or may not be in cahoots with the waiter) the checking of the waiter's mathematics can be difficult.

To substitute a bill, the waiter simply presents the sucker the larger check run up at a nearby table. If this "mistake" is noticed the waiter is all horrified apologies.

If not detected, the waiter pockets the difference between the amounts of the two tabs.

The "B" girl of the West Coast and the "Dice" girl of Chicago are specialized rackets for the most part and will not be discussed here as much has already been written concerning them.

However, little has been print concerning the fake or phony "pick-up." Here is a petty racket based upon insipid sex—a bar-room gimmick fraught with the potential of sudden violence. The basic pattern goes something like this:

The lonely stranger seeks to meet the pretty, and shapely, girl sit-

ting down the bar from him. She also is obviously drinking alone. In time he discovers that ten or twenty dollars paid out will buy him an introduction to this lonely, lovely creature.

If he bites—he's hooked. He buys his introduction; he buys a round or so of drinks; and buys the girls embraces for the evening—in advance!

Then, just as they are about to leave the barroom to find more private quarters, into the bar dashes a burly, angry male who starts shouting at the girl—angrily berating her for leaving their children alone in the apartment while she goes out catting.

Before the chump has more than time to catch his breath, the girl, her "husband" and his money paid "in advance" are gone.

This variation of the old Badger Game is but one of many in which the unwary male seeking diversion may be taken in a barroom.

At one end of the scale is outright violence based upon the Mickey Finn (croton oil and chloral hydrate are the two most frequently used) which either sickens or knocks out the sucker so that robbing him is an easy matter.

At the other end of the scale are subtle approaches in which sex is the bait, and robbery, violence, or even death may be the result.

The number and variety of bar-room rackets are limitless. Not all bars are bad, but those that are, can (and do) play rough. The convivial atmosphere of a favorite neighborhood bar or the festive swank of a big time night club can be wonderful fun. But—know what you're doing, where you're going. Remember—no martini is worth the contents of your wallet—no old-fashioned is worth a brutal beating in an alley—no Scotch and soda is worth your life!

THE END

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HOW TO TELL WHEN A PERSON'S LYING

(Continued from page 30)

He recalled the phrase in Arnold Miles' *How Criminals Are Caught*, to the effect that: "Through ability developed by training, the police are usually able to decide which suspect is most likely to be guilty, and through the same ability are then able to select and use the method of questioning which will be most likely to make him confess, if guilty. . . ."

ARTHUR did a little studying. Then, without appearing to do so, he carefully observed his wife as she told him the stories he vaguely doubted. He gave her no hint that he suspected her, but seemed to accept everything she said without question.

In a very short time he knew beyond doubt that she lied to him frequently, and also he knew which of her statements were lies.

He found, for example, that she was one of the most plausible of liars, always telling a story that was

about 99 per cent true and only one per cent false.

Sometimes her lying accounted for only a few minutes out of an entire afternoon or evening; at other times it concealed what she had been up to for several hours.

Finally, after she had told him about spending an afternoon at the movies, describing the main feature in detail, he asked her about the "second feature"—a picture she had only discussed sketchily. And he found that she knew no more about that second picture than she had read in a fairly detailed movie review.

Still Arthur didn't "let on" that he suspected her. But, by carefully sifting her lies from the truth, he was able to discover that she was enjoying a very discreet love affair, and the "time schedule" on which she conducted her clandestine meetings over the different days of the week.

Two weeks later, he followed his wife to one of her rendezvous and

trapped her with one of his closest friends.

HOW did Arthur know his wife was lying? All her lies were told in a perfectly natural tone of voice, without blushing or stammering, as usually happens in the case of an inexperienced liar. Panic produced no physiological fear reactions in her. Yet Arthur knew.

He knew because the carotid artery in the right side of her throat palpitated visibly and rapidly when she was lying, and only when she was lying.

He focused his attention on the right rather than the left carotid, because this artery, being more directly connected to the aorta or great heart artery, has the more pronounced pulse of the two.

There were other clues, too. After telling a lie, she often swallowed slightly, as though her mouth were dry.

Sometimes she made little unnecessary gestures with her hands, a sign of nervousness but not necessarily a sign that she was lying.

And generally she looked him straight in the eye while telling her fib, though she didn't bother to do so when she was telling the truth.

Curiously enough, this couple didn't "break up." Arthur forgave his wife, and they patched up what was almost a broken marriage. Since then she's never dared lie to him about anything, and she still doesn't know how he found her out.

WHAT Arthur did, almost anybody can do. There are at least a dozen simple clues that indicate when a person is lying. One precaution, however; no one of these clues, taken alone, is absolute proof. A pounding carotid, for example, may be due to some emotion other than fear of detection; it may be caused by anger, romantic passion, or even embarrassment.

So, when you've discovered one apparent clue that somebody is lying to you, search for some of the others. They'll reveal themselves. "Emotion," says Dr. Hans Gross, famous German criminologist, "is invariably accompanied by physical changes, and lying is always accompanied by emotion. . . ."

Squinting the eyes, fixed staring



at the suspicious person or at some object, and a rapid shifting of the vision may often occur as a lie is being told.

Luke S. May, well-known west coast criminologist, tells of an instance where Sheriff Tom Desmond of Tacoma, Washington, suspected a man named Clark of the murder of a school girl. Desmond had no proof other than that the man was presumably a man of dubious reputation.

"They had not the slightest evidence against the man other than that he was a suspicious character about town who might be guilty."

May writes. "Clark was seated on the bed when the officers entered his room. He gave a start, which Desmond's shrewd, sharp eyes noted. His shifty dark eyes roved about the room in an endless parade of confusion. Otherwise the man seemed calm and collected."

"Desmond was sure of his man." This man, incidentally, was found guilty and sentenced to 20 to 30 years in the penitentiary. But his initial start and roving eyes first gave him away.

THE start, the blush, and a sudden change in the rhythm of breathing are all strong indications that the person is lying.

Incidentally the polygraph or "lie detector" is merely a highly accurate device for observing and recording fluctuations in these phenomena, which arise from sudden changes in respiration, pulse-rate, and blood-pressure. But they can be detected visibly, too.

"Blushing is one of the best-known of the physical reactions associated with lying," notes Dr. Julius Grant in *Science for the Prosecution*.

He adds that science has "found that the ratio of the intensity of breathing-in to that of breathing-out showed marked variations while a lie was being uttered."

This is because the body, threatened with discovery and danger, prepares to resist by gulping in more oxygen and stepping up the circulation.

There are a great many other symptoms, such as the uncontrollable impulse to swallow that Arthur C. had noted in his wife. This is due to a sudden decrease in the production of saliva.

For thousands of years, one of the Oriental tests for a liar was to command him to chew a mouthful of dry rice. If the rice remained dry, he was considered guilty.

The third symptom that betrayed Arthur's wife was a stroking gesture of her hands, meaningless unless associated with romance, which it actually was. Only she was not talking about romance as she made the gesture!

Most liars are not aware of subconscious gestures that give them away. These gestures are made when the liar is concentrating all his attention on his lie, while his body is acting out what he is trying to conceal!

IN a recent case, a psychiatrist whose wife was a notorious kleptomaniac always knew whether or not she had stolen some new knick-knack she brought into the house, for while she told him some elaborate lie, the fingers of her right hand "acted out" stealing some small object and then snapping shut her purse.

In another instance, a man accused of the murder of a neighbor assured the police that he and the dead man had been the best of

friends—but his right hand kept clenching and unclenching with hatred. This was the thing that gave him away.

In a third case, a young girl, after giving birth to an illegitimate child, smothered the infant with the coverlet.

Interrogated by the police, she told a pitiful tale of swooning after going to the baby's crib and finding the child choking underneath the coverlet. When she regained consciousness, she said, the baby was dead.

But an alert detective observed that, as she told her story, she kept spreading the fingers of her left hand and pressing them firmly against her thigh. Her subconscious mind was actually reenacting the crime her lips denied.

Finally, the detective interrupted. "You killed your baby this way," he told her, repeating her subconscious gesture. The astonished girl promptly confessed.

Other obvious symptoms that lead experienced police officers to



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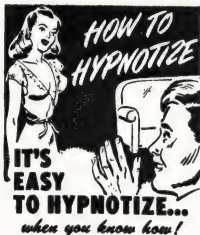
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
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"suspect a suspect may be lying" include—a nervous twitching of the lips, an expression of astonishment, a sudden appearance of "cold sweat" on the face, a frequent tendency to yawn, trembling of the hands, trembling of the lips, dilation of the pupils, accelerated breathing, a husky or cracked voice, and alternate clenching and opening of the hands. In some cases, the hair on the backs of the hands may actually be seen to rise.

If the suspect believes he has "gotten away with his lie successfully" whatever symptoms he has shown may promptly disappear. He may even breathe out a deep sigh of relief—a dead giveaway.

Once a lie has been suspected, it may be checked by asking the person to repeat—although this is sometimes dangerous, since it usually arouses suspicion and puts the suspect on his guard.

If the story is repeated in exactly the same words—or nearly the same words—and in the same tone of voice, it is very probably a lie.

Often an involved lie is told in a peculiar monotone quite different from the person's normal, casual voice. Or it may be artificially under- or over-emphasized.

"The voice of a denying criminal has in hundreds of cases given him away," Gross says flatly.

Judge Charles W. Fricke, of Los Angeles Superior Court, elaborates greatly on this point in his *Criminal Investigation* when he observes, "In all cases of false stories we find an automatic or phonographic type of recital . . . the story is told the same, with the same mention of details whenever it is called for; if the witness is interrupted he will resume at the place he left off, and his weak point is the inability of supplying details which he should know if the transaction actually did occur and the invention of details to fill in and which are overlooked or changed when the story is repeated. . . ."

This point is psychologically very important. Only the truth is an automatic record of events in the memory. A lie always requires conscious effort to create and maintain. It is this very effort that often gives the liar away.

Thus a liar, when half-trapped, will often fall back on such stalling-for-time statements as "What's that?" "Who, me?" "I didn't quite get that," and so on. Delay, except to actually refresh the memory, is not necessary when telling the truth.

A great many lies that depend on

alibis furnished by honest persons may be exposed by careful checking of the time element.

Thus in a Los Angeles trial, questioning of witnesses revealed that they were providing an alibi for a Sunday, since they told of staying home from work, going to church and so on—but the crime had actually been committed the day before.

In the case of Arthur C., it was easy for him to find out that his wife had left the theater at midpoint of the double feature, though she had carefully established the fact, by talking with the ticket girl, that she had been in the theater that particular afternoon.

SOMETIMES a liar can be challenged directly, resulting in a quick breakdown of his morale and a confession.

When detectives in an eastern city recently picked up a young man on what amounted to no more than "strong suspicion," and were driving him to precinct headquarters for questioning, he defiantly taunted them with making a mistake. He was, however, very nervous and asked permission to roll a cigarette.

"Sure," one of the detectives said, "if you can."

"What do ya mean, if I can?" the young hoodlum asked.

The detective shrugged, and did not reply for a minute or two. Then he said, very quietly, "Because you are guilty and because you're lying. If you weren't guilty and lying your hands wouldn't shake so. You can't even roll a cigarette."

And in three tries, the young punk failed to roll a cigarette. He started his confession before the police car reached the station house.

Sometimes asking a "leading question" will expose a liar. In the case of a man who was trying to collect heavy insurance following an accident in which he had allegedly suffered semi-paralysis of his left arm, the insurance attorney casually asked him, "Now, Mr. Jones, since the accident, how high have you been able to lift your arm?"

The man raised his arm a foot or so.

"Now raise your arm as high as you could before the accident," the attorney added quickly—and the man lifted his arm halfway above his head before he realized that the innocent second question had trapped him.

"Give a liar enough leeway, and he'll trip himself," police investi-

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instructed on many phases of bacteriological warfare.

"Disease agents" will be developed by Soviet laboratories and will be in the hands of the trustworthy agents—before the time of real crisis approaches.

The opium, cocaine, and heroine smugglers of the world will bring a new deadly product to the American shores. Communist underground agents know the importance of utilizing the world's smuggling rings for their own disastrous purposes.

Again and again at the spy schools, the saboteurs were told—"spread not only germs, not only destruction against harbors or factories, but spread disunity, disbelief. And ask for a new government—a "peace" government, a government that we can take over."

The first goal of the political sabotage front will not be a Communist Government but a coalition government, a left wing government.

"Frighten America with the threat that a billion and a half of colonial races will help the Soviet cause in Asia and Africa; that America does not have the manpower for a global war. Tell them America's Allies did not come through—make America weak."

THESE are the macabre instructions for Russia's fifth column during a war with America.

It is quite evident that the World War which started in 1914 and which is not over yet, will be fought with indescribable and unimagined methods, if it should come to a final East-West showdown.

In case of war, America must arrest every Communist, every Communist sympathizer and especially those suspected as "sitters" who have not yet started to work.

Warfare law must protect this democracy of ours, for Russia's Politburo gangsters are producing a guerrilla ring of spies, saboteurs, traitors and commissars who might wreck the United States almost as easily as Hitler's hordes of undermining squads wrecked France, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Denmark, Rumania, Bulgaria and Hungary.

There is a dangerous plan for Soviet sabotage in America, and only fools will laugh it off. Remember how, at first, we laughed at Hitler.

America is the last arsenal of power of Western Civilization that can stem this onslaught of Soviet world conquest.

America is at war. We call it cold war, police actions, war of nerves, but it is still the fifty years war which started in 1914 and which will not come to an end until the last dictator has been destroyed.

THE END



"Donald! You're NOT at the office!"



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TRUTH ABOUT MONKEY GLANDS

(Continued from page 27)

DR. VORONOFF describes his first patient; "He was an old Alsatian named George Behr. He looked to be eighty years old and was bent, decrepit, unsteady in his walk, always exhausted, and seemed to be in a continual stupor."

The graft was performed on March 5th, 1924, at the Public Hospital of Algiers by Dr. Cochez, assisted by Dr. Piere, the clinical surgeon. Dr. Voronoff supervised the operation and it was witnessed by a large group of medical men.

Imagine the scene. Two stretchers are wheeled into the operating theater. George Behr lies on one stretcher. On the other a tall, tail-less Macaque monkey.

They are placed side by side, already rendered unconscious with ether. Dr. Cochez makes a few quick strokes with his knife and removes a slice of the monkey's testes. It is inserted into the old man's body, and in five minutes both monkey and man are being wheeled out of the operating room.

Dr. Voronoff later reported: "A year later I went back to Algiers with the General Secretary of the Algiers government and my two colleagues, Drs. Cochez and Piere.

"Our expectations were more than fulfilled. George Behr was truly a different man. He was working as a handyman for the Dookra chemist, and his virile vigor was returning after being dormant long years.

Many old men received the monkey graft, and photographs taken before the operation and some time after speak for themselves. They appear like the work of a Hollywood make-up artist, but every operation was witnessed by reputable doctors.

VORONOFF was officially damned and praised by the medical world, depending on which side of the fence they sat on.

The man on the street didn't know what to think. Was Voronoff saint or sinner? A brilliant scientist far ahead of his time or a cruel quack?

To tamper with glands in those days was a "sin." And to bring a "shameful" into the picture was "shameful." For these two reasons alone Voronoff was crucified by his medical brethren.

Critics ridiculed him with the

title "monkey man." Rumors were started claiming that a person undergoing the rejuvenation treatment would turn into a monkey, and if a grafted man did sire a child it would be half man and half ape.

Any statement made by Voronoff was twisted and used to black ball him still further on the world's medical registers.

Remember, this man was research director of one of France's finest organizations and before his work with the monkey he was honored by medical associations the world over.

Another man who received praise and a lot of ridicule in his battle against old age decay was the Viennese doctor, Professor Eugene Steinach. His work ran along the same lines as that of Voronoff, but he carried it a step further.

Steinach performed a series of experiments with rats. He chose rats, because their life span ranges from twenty-seven to thirty-six months. This meant that in two and a half years he could follow the life of a generation from birth to death.

HE first operated on an old, bald senile rat who had long ago lost all interest in female companions. Steinach grafted testes of a young, active rat into the abdominal muscles of the old fellow. The old boy became active and soon mated with a female who bore him a healthy litter.

Like a true scientist, Steinach decided to see what would happen if he reversed the process. He castrated young, healthy rats, and they soon showed all the symptoms of old age. They were then grafted with testes and again became active.

Steinach noticed that the life span of a rejuvenated rat was increased six months over the normal life span. He was convinced that man could be rejuvenated.

There was one big obstacle. How could he obtain the necessary human glands?

A limited number was obtained from hospitals who had removed them from patients for specific reasons. Some were obtained from the bodies of people executed by the state. When certain opposing organizations heard about this, they

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READING for MALES

How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business, by Ken Alexander
Reviewed by Jack Parker

Believe me, I feel a healthy respect for mail order, having seen a friend, a former \$30-a-week clerk, acquire a Cadillac and a country estate in the business. Questioned about his success, he explained, "Mail order! You just alicce open the mail and extract the dollar bills."

But perhaps he is to be taken more literally than his facetious reply implies. I feel so since reading "How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business," a book which dissipates the mystery about mail order.

Beginning with the idea, the author shows what makes a product suitable for mail order, giving many illustrations such as hair colorings, medicines, cosmetics, jewelry, novelty jewelry, picture albums, etc. One can operate from home or if in business by adding a mail order department for just the cost of printing and stamps.

The book shows how to prepare a mail order ad, where to place it and gives the names of list brokers, and publications used successfully in mail order.

The book is sold on refund guaranteed basis and persons interested are advised to get it by sending \$2.00 directly to the publisher:

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protested, and this source of supply was stopped.

Steinach's supporters urged a law be passed allowing persons with a short time to live be allowed to sign a release that would allow the professor to remove their glands immediately after death. This proposal was bitterly attacked and defeated.

For a time, a black market existed in human glands. In certain quarters, purse snatching and rolling drunks for their money was no longer the chief sport.

After a night on the town, more than one young man woke in a hospital the next day to be informed that he had been crudely mutilated by the gland black marketeers.

Such goings on caused a terrific scandal, and, although Steinach and his co-workers had no part in the grim business, they were bitterly attacked. Quack and idiot were the kindest words thrown at them.

Actually, the stolen glands were bought by charlatans who had never seen the inside of a medical school.

STEINACH decided to attack the problem from a different angle. He removed a tiny slice of a rejuvenated animal's gland and examined the piece under a microscope. As he suspected, he found a difference.

The grafted gland showed a decrease in the tissues that produce sperm cells, and the testes had lost a lot of their power of excretion.

He reasoned that it was a case of nature evening the score. As an example; certain tribes in Southern Guinea spend most of their lives in canoes. They have extremely well developed arms and shoulders, but their legs, unaccustomed to walking, can hardly bear their body weight.

The same thing happens in grafted testes. Normally, testes manufacture matter that is absorbed by the system and matter that is given off.

In grafted testes, only hormones absorbed by the system are manufactured, and the hormone producing cells increase in size and number.

These are the cells that are credited with rejuvenation, and Steinach called the part of the testes producing these cells "puberty glands."

Once Steinach knew this, he asked: "Is there a means of stimulat-

ing the activity of these glands in aged people without grafting?"

He answered his question and devised an operation known as a vasoligature.

He reasoned that if the grafted gland loses its twin function and becomes solely a gland of internal secretion manufacturing youth-giving hormones, an operation could be devised that would stop the manufacture of external secretions, thus causing the corresponding gland to die. This would make the rejuvenating, or puberty gland, work harder.

IN Professor Steinach's vasoligature the route taken by the sperm cells is blocked close to the testes. The production of sperm cells stop, and the rejuvenating glands become more active.

At last, it seemed the age old curse of senility would receive a set-back. Provided they weren't diseased, men should be fairly active until they died.

Unfortunately, things didn't turn out that way. Too many people received garbled reports and considered the operation a form of mutilation.

This isn't so, and many people walking the streets today can testify to the fact.

A vasoligature does not interfere with virility. The seminal and prostate glands are not affected.

Sensations long forgotten are regained, and in a good many cases the patient becomes an asset to society instead of a burden.

Many vasoligatures have been performed by such eminent men as Dr. Harry Benjamin, New York City, and Dr. Schmidt, Berlin, to mention several, and they agree the operation is worthwhile, in most cases.

Still, many conservative surgeons associated Steinach with testes grafting, monies and all that, so they would have nothing to do with any of his techniques.

Today, science's main weapon in the search for the fountain of youth is testosterone, the amazing, synthetic male hormone. The hormone treatment, too, has to fight against a maze of ignorance and cruel jibes, because of its associations with the virile glands.

Voronoff, the "ring-tailed monkey man," and Steinach the "witch doctor," may well be forgiven if they often shook their head and wondered if the search for eternal youth was worth it all. There is no enemy more deadly than ignorance.

THE END

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Good News for athlete's foot sufferers (men and women) is seen in results of tests just completed at a world renowned New York City hospital, showing remarkable success in treating Athlete's Foot conditions.

Now, at last, you may stop that intense itching, peeling, burning agony of watery blisters and soggy split oozing skin on feet and toes. Now at last you may get quick effective relief because this scientific discovery gets at the root of your trouble.

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Send No Money Look at your poor sick feet, feel how they itch and burn. Look below — that's the coupon that gets you Torine for quick relief without risk of a penny. Act now before it gets worse, or spreads to other parts of your body.

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PEOPLE WITH SPLIT PERSONALITIES

(Continued from page 22)

fragments of the consciousness back into one and permitted a resumption of a normal place in society.

Many others are not so fortunate. How many of the thousands of persons who disappear every year when their "secondary personality" takes over, and assume a totally new name and identity without any recollection of the past, is not known. But the percentage is surely high.

Many of these leave jobs, wives and children—all totally forgotten—and start anew as though the past had never been. They are commonly known as amnesiacs. In some the switch is temporary. In others it is permanent.

No science of the mind is more weird and more frightening than the study of dissociated personality. Herewith **MAN TO MAN** presents some of the most famous cases on record, to give the reader a basic understanding of this fantastic phenomenon.

IN a simple definition, Dr. T. Weir Mitchell states, "It is now very generally admitted by psychologists that, in some persons at least, consciousness may be split up into two or more parts."

The split-off or dissociated portion may be but a fragment of the whole self, or it may be so extensive, so complex, and so self-sufficient as to be capable of fulfilling all the functions of a personal consciousness . . .

Split personality may result from many causes—a profound emotional shock that part of the mind wants to forget completely, epilepsy, poisoning (such as by alcohol or carbon monoxide, and head injuries).

Often the split-off part contains all the suppressed desires and dreams that are ruthlessly "kept under control" by the so-called consciousness. When the secondary personality takes over, these are fulfilled, resulting in a vastly different person—actually a "Jekyll-Hyde" transformation.

SOMETIMES the split personalities merge by themselves. In the well-known case of Rev. Thomas Hanna of New England, the clergyman fell from a wagon and suffered a head injury.

When he revived he had abso-

lutely no memory whatever; he was like a new-born baby, unable to identify objects or even their distance.

He had to be taught everything, and he learned with great rapidity, since his mind was actually adult.

From time to time, normal consciousness also returned. Gradually, as the "infant personality" was educated, came a fusing of the personalities, and complete recovery.

In a similar case, probably triggered by emotional shock, a Mary Reynolds, aged 19, fell into a deep sleep, sleeping twenty hours. When she awoke, she had the intelligence of a baby, except that she showed hatred for her relatives and friends.

She had to be taught everything, and she learned very rapidly. Curiously, in learning to write her name she wrote from right to left, instead of from left to right.

Five weeks later, her original personality suddenly returned. In three more weeks, she switched back to the second state, remembering, however, everything she had been taught.

These alternations went on until she was 35 years old, when she "settled down" in the second personality, which was by far the better one—happy, gay as compared with her girlish melancholy and sullenness.

Probably the second state was actually her true nature, which had been submerged by shock. Life had just been too much for her, and she had suddenly turned into a baby, starting all over again.

Sometimes the transition only occurs but once. This was true in the famous case of Ansel Bourne, a Providence, R. I. carpenter, who "woke" up screaming in Norristown, Pa., after a lapse of eight weeks.

During the interim, he had opened a store in Norristown under the name of A. J. Browne. Nobody in the town suspected that Browne was actually a secondary personality.

PROBABLY the three cases on which we have the most information are Norma-Polly, with three personalities; Doris Fischer, with five; and Christine Beauchamp, with no less than six! All were studied and reported in detail by eminent psychiatrists.

Norma-Polly had a grim childhood. She was the eldest of ten children, and she had to work hard to help support the family. Her father died of tuberculosis when she was 15, her mother when she was 17. She had frequent, blinding headaches, and suddenly one day, her secondary personality, Polly, took over for the first time.

Polly was completely immune to pain. She would plunge a pin into her arm, look pleasedly at the blood that emerged, and announce childishly that she was "boring for oil." She had no reflexes, did not respond when tickled or pinched.

When Dr. Doddard would stand behind her and suddenly put his hands over her eyes she'd merely say, "Oh, I can't see"—but she'd make no effort to find out why. She had escaped completely from the pains and worries of Norma's life.

She was also everything unpleasant that Norma was not—wilful, argumentative, threatening, nasty, a "devil." She knew nothing of Norma, nor did Norma know anything of her.

Dr. Doddard began by hypnotizing the four-year-old Polly, and telling her each time that she was growing older. Soon, he had brought her up to the psychological age of 16.

Then he introduced the two personalities to each other! As each grew to know the other, a third, totally different personality was born which was as gay as Polly and as sweet as Norma.

This, in fact, was the real Norma, and this personality had no memories whatever of the past three years—or since the time Polly first broke through. It was necessary for Dr. Doddard to give the new Norma a set of memories by extracting them from the old Norma and the escapist Polly.

Norma's real identity has never been revealed, following her return to society.

DORIS FISCHER was the daughter of a drunkard, and the youngest of 13 children. Her father beat her unmercifully. She soon developed a secondary personality—"Margaret," a veritable devil. Margaret often took control when Doris was conscious, refusing

to let Doris go to school, stealing, and committing vulgarities of which Doris was terribly ashamed. Often she scratched Doris' arms and face; Doris had no control over herself while this was going on.

When Doris was 17, her mother died suddenly in the middle of the night, and the already mentally ill girl laid out the body. Suddenly a splitting pain leaped through her head, and she fainted. A third personality now emerged, a veritable idiot known as "Sick Doris."

Margaret, the original "demon" had weird powers—she could hear the ticking of a watch 30 feet distant, she could see in a totally dark room, she could close her eyes and describe changes in a person's expression, and she could read fine print at a distance of five feet. None of these feats was possible to either Doris.

With psychiatric treatment by Dr. Morton Prince, two more personalities emerged, the "Sleeping Real Doris" and the "Sleeping Margaret." Finally, after two and one-half years of treatment, they were all merged in the "Waking Real Doris."

CHRISTINE BEAUCHAMP, a New England girl, was the product of an unhappy marriage. Her mother died when she was 13; when she was 16 she ran away.

While working as a nurse in a Providence Hospital she had a profound emotional shock; a friend, while at the height of a thunder-and-lightning storm, appeared at a window by climbing a ladder, presumably as a joke! For the following six years she had no recollection of the incident; her real personality had "gone underground."

She came to Dr. Prince, on the staff at Boston City Hospital, in 1898 and underwent treatment for several years. As in the case of Norma R., at first only two personalities were evident, Christine alternating with Sally at frequent intervals, or Sally "willing herself" to take charge of Christine's activities while poor Christine was still actually awake.

"She does not enjoy wickedness, I do," Sally commented. Sally liked

to smoke and drink, Christine didn't. Sally would make dates with disreputable characters and keep them, give Christine's money to beggars, put snakes in Christine's bed, make Christine tell nonsensical lies, make Christine sit with her feet on the mantelpiece all evening, write letters about Christine's private affairs and mail them, put Christine on an allowance of ten cents a day, and so on *ad infinitum*.

WEIRDLY, Sally realized that she was not the basic personality, and as the hypnotism and analysis proceeded, she understood that she ultimately would be extinguished.

When Dr. Prince hypnotized her and admonished sternly, "You shall be dead to the world," she protested pitifully, exclaiming, "I won't. I won't be dead. Why can't I live as well as she?" She was completely unaware of pain, hunger, or thirst; Christine could be sick as a dog but Sally would feel fine.

(Continued on next page)

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Gradually the other personalities were developed. One, when it first appeared, was completely ignorant, and was known as B-4 or "The Idiot." The Miss Beauchamp who had first presented herself for treatment was B-1; B-2 was Miss Beauchamp while under hypnosis; and Sally was a combination of the two, or B-3.

SALLY tried her best to help the psychiatrist. It was her opinion that "The Idiot" was actually the true Miss Beauchamp, and ultimately this proved to be true—but not until two more sub-personalities had revealed themselves.

Sally's greatest sport was to mimic the said Miss Beauchamp. In the midst of a conversation she'd break through and say something such as, "Really, Dr. Prince, I must be possessed; a perfect fiend is in me. I don't know what I shall do! Such a horrible thing!" Then she'd give herself away with a peal of devilish laughter.

Often Dr. Prince scolded her, and even threatened her with the asylum, an idea she didn't like since she would not be able to have control of Christine's body under circumstances of reasonable freedom.

As it became apparent that B-1 was actually only another fragment of personality like Sally—only a much larger "piece"—Dr. Prince decided to "extinguish" B-1, and Sally agreed to cooperate.

A weird battle got underway, with the various personalities sometimes cooperating with one another, and at other times actually intriguing to drive one or more of the others "under."

Gradually, as "The Idiot" learned and was given memories from the others, B-1 went all to pieces, appearing at only rare intervals with no memory of days and weeks. Finally Dr. Prince decided to tell her the truth. No more weird conversation has been recorded:

"As she sat before me," Dr. Prince writes in his book "The Dissociation of a Personality," "The embodiment of nervousness, unable to keep her body in repose a single second, trying to explain why she had come (which she did not know)... one would not have been human not to sympathize with her and pity her... It would be useless to tell her that she would, through another character, still live, for that still meant the annihilation of all her associations and memories of the past six years... In my thoughts, the annihilation of Miss

Beauchamp seemed in no way different from saying that she must be satisfied with death... It was a psychical murder..."

Yet, told the truth, B-1's face changed, was no longer discouraged. The whole personality of B-4—the former Idiot, shone through. And, following a few more hypnotic sessions, the B-1 personality completely disintegrated to merge with B-4.

Sally, knowing that she, too, was doomed, began writing her autobiography. Sometimes when the exhausted B-1 would fall asleep she would command, "Open your eyes, stupid; I can't see," and the new personality would be forced to obey.

Finally, however, Sally agreed to be "etherized," and wrote her "last will and testament." After that, the real personality of Christine Beauchamp swiftly returned, and with the "death of Sally" this true personality remained permanent. In her own words, the implish Sally finally, by her own consent, returned "back where she came from."

THIS, in essence, is the fantastic Beauchamp case, in which not one but three distinct personalities and three other sub-personalities inhabited the same body over a period of several years at the turn of the present century. No wonder that B-1 once wrote, in the height of her early torment:

"Dear Dr. Prince—I do really think that, like those poor people of old, I must be possessed of devils..."

Weirdly, what B-1 herself didn't know was that she too, was one of the devils—that the true Christine Beauchamp had been asleep for years, and might have remained submerged forever, had it not been for the psychiatric magic of Dr. Prince.

Fortunately, few cases are so extreme. Yet who among us does not, at some time or other, experience a sudden lapse of memory, perhaps only for a few seconds? Who does not occasionally "act as though he were somebody else?"

Actually, only a fragment of dissociated personality is taking over briefly. Probably it happens far more frequently than most of us imagine. And, if the condition really becomes distressing or serious, science knows now that the condition is not hopeless. No matter how badly disorganized, the split personality can always be put back together again.

THE END



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IS THERE A RACE OF GIANTS?

(Continued from page 11)

filled the British press, titillating postman and Prime Minister, charwoman and duchess alike.

The huge creatures, well over 8 feet tall, were described as a race of "missing links," a species of sub-human creatures somewhere between ape and man.

Several of these giants were reported to have been sighted from time to time by Sherpa tribesmen at the "top of the world."

The bodies of the man-beasts were covered by long, brown hair that protected them from the cruel cold.

They walked upright, and their faces, although hideous, were hairless and strangely human.

They holed up in caves during the day and hunted at night; hence they were seldom seen by the natives, who feared to travel the dangerous mountain passes after dark.

They were said to be ferocious man-eaters. Native porters called them *meteh kang-mi*, roughly translated as "abominable (or awful) snowmen."

Eminent British scientists immediately ridiculed the story as native superstition. The mysterious footprints in the snow, they said, probably had been made by bears or monkeys.

Whereupon, one enterprising Sunday newspaper sent a reporter to the London zoo. Authorities there diligently dipped the paws of bears and monkeys in wet sand, and compared the result with the photographs from Mt. Everest.

They were entirely different.



"Hey! That's MY pipe,"

ANOTHER paper unearthed a hitherto-neglected account by Col. K. N. Rana, one-time director of the Nepalese Government Bureau of Mines.

In 1921, Col. Rana said, word reached him by "native telegraph" that a party of wandering hunters had captured an infant "snowman" alive.

He sent out an expedition to locate the hunters and their quarry, but no trace of them could be found in the maze of snow-bound peaks and valleys that characterize the wild country near the "roof of the world." Nor were these hunters ever seen again, alive or dead.

Relatives and friends believe they were attacked, killed and eaten by the infuriated parents of the captured "snow-child."

According to Col. Rana, there are two tribes of these monsters. In one the males are all 8 feet or more tall; in the other, they average less than 5 feet.

The giants are suppose to live on the meat of the wild yak (a native ox); the pigmies are easily satisfied by human flesh.

He also said that he had interviewed a group of hillsmen who told him they had encountered a full-grown specimen of the miniature species on a well-travelled mountain trail.

Taking its prisoner, they trussed it up with ropes. But the monster was sullen and refused to eat; it starved to death during the long trek back to civilization.

So they abandoned the carcass, unaware of the enormous scientific interest in their find.

MANY REPUTABLE scientists throughout the world believe the missing link between ape and man, if it ever is found, may well turn out to be a race of giants something like the "abominable snowmen" of the Himalayas.

Near the town of Hallstatt, in the mountains of Austria, remains have been found of an ancient and mysterious race of giants who lived there in prehistoric times in caves hewn out of solid rock. Such utensils and furniture as survive indicate they were all 7 feet or more tall.

It is believed they finally died

out for lack of sunlight and food. At that altitude, even fish do not survive in the lakes.

In our own country, there is ample evidence that giants once walked the earth. The tradition of colossal ancestors is common to a number of North American Indian tribes, notably the Iroquois, Osages, Tularoras, Hurons and Omahas.

Legends of the latter, for example, tell of giant ancestors called *Pa-snu-ta* who constantly raided other tribes of lesser people for women, slaves, and human meat.

The Osages tell of ancestors of gigantic stature called *Mu-a-lush-ka*. Many anthropologists believe this indicates that originally they inhabited the lost continent of Mu, which sank into the Pacific long before historic times. All the inhabitants of Mu were supposed to be giants.

MORE substantial proof in the form of skulls, bones and artifacts have been uncovered by paleontologists on field trips in this country.

All these point to the existence of a race of man-like giants contemporary with the dinosaurs and other great denizens of the North-American jungle more than 12 million years ago—thousands of years before the appearance of man or any other anthropoid mammal.

In the year 1810, footprints of immense age were found impressed in solid rock near Braxtown, at the headwaters of the Tennessee River.

The ball of the heel of one of these subhuman monsters measured 13 inches in width! Other prints show that these giants had *six toes*!

That same year, the remains of a six-toed giant were unearthed at Rancho Lompock, in California.

In 1870 Frank la Fleche, an official of the Indian Bureau at Washington, reported that the Omahas had unearthed incomplete skeletons of eight giant males in an ancient burial ground.

The skulls of these men were nearly two feet long, indicating a total stature of about 12 feet.

In 1891, workmen digging the foundation of a house at Crittenden, Arizona, came upon an ancient tomb of large square blocks of rose granite.

Inside this tomb, they found a sarcophagus of bright blue, baked clay, very much like those used by the ancient Egyptians.

A relief portrait baked in the clay portrayed a giant laid out full length, stark naked except for a

loin cloth. The feet were crossed, and each foot had *six toes*!

When the sarcophagus was opened, all that was found inside was a handful of dust. The remains were so ancient that even the skull, the last part of the human frame to go, had disintegrated.

IN 1924, the Doheny Expedition to Arizona discovered prehistoric carvings on the hard sandstone walls of the Haval Supai canyon. One depicted a gigantic man-like figure battling a mammoth. Another showed a great tyrannosaurus erect on tall and hind legs.

Obviously eye-witness drawings, their great antiquity is attested by the fact that the dinosaur tyrannosaurus became extinct in America more than 12 million years ago!

A giant human tooth was found embedded in a coal vein at a depth of 130 feet in a mine at Bearcreek, Montana. The stratum in which it was discovered was between 30 and 75 million years old!

The skull of a gigantic man-like creature was found on Santa Rosa Island, off the coast of California. The massive jaws showed *double rows* of teeth.

One of the most amazing finds of all was made in 1943 by U. S. Army personnel building an airstrip at the western end of the Aleutians, near Attu. Digging into a bluff of sedimentary rock and boulders, about six feet beneath the surface, their bulldozers turned up several layers of ancient fossils—including the bones of ancient mammoths and mastadons.

Near these, an ancient graveyard was uncovered, containing skulls and bones that definitely were human. These skulls ranged from 1 foot 10 inches to 2 feet in length.

Soldiers who measured one of the more or less complete skeletons ascertained that this man had been 18 feet, 6 inches tall!

And that's why scientists have been loath to dismiss outright the story of the "abominable snowman" of Mt. Everest.

For a long time they have suspected that descendants of the subhuman giants of ancient times may have survived in some isolated part of the world.

If these could be found, they could make an important contribution to our knowledge of the origin and development of man.

The fabulous man-beast giants of the Himalayas may yet turn out to be one of the most important scientific finds of the century.

THE END



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WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities — intelligence, character, dignity — all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than *now*.

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollens, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A.

Normal skin



B.

Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-



tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward... at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... and we take all the risk!

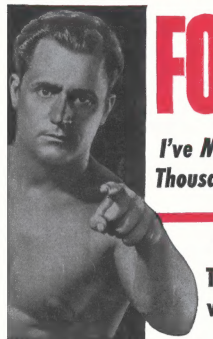
How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 7406 363 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. (Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature... at once! Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

NEW BODIES FOR OLD!

**I've Made New Men Out of
Thousands of Other Fellows...**

**"Here's what I did for
THOMAS MANFRE...and
what I can do for you!"**

—Charles Atlas



GIVE ME a skinny, peepless, second-rate body—and I'll cram it so full of handsome, bulging new muscle that your friends will grow bug-eyed! . . . I'll wake up that sleeping energy of yours and make it hum like a high-powered motor! Man, you'll feel and look different! You'll begin to LIVE!

Let Me Make YOU a NEW MAN— IN JUST 15 MINUTES A DAY

YOU wouldn't believe it, but I myself used to be a 97-lb. weakling. Fellows called me "Skinny." Girls snickered and made fun of me behind my back. I was a flop. THEN I discovered my marvelous new muscle-building system — "Dynamic Tension." And it turned me into such a complete specimen of MANHOOD that today I hold the title "THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECTLY DEVELOPED MAN."

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, strapping fellow smiling back at you—then you'll realize how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! "Dynamic Tension" is the easy, NATURAL method you can practice in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY—while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell, ripple . . . those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge . . . and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

One Postage Stamp May Change Your Whole Life!

Sure, I gave Thomas Manfre (shown above) a NEW BODY. But he's just one of thousands. I'm steadily building broad-shouldered, dynamic MEN—day by day—the country over.

3,000,000 fellows, young and old, have already gambled a postage stamp to ask for my FREE book. They wanted to read and see for themselves how I'm building up scrawny bodies, and how I'm paring down fat, flabby ones—how I'm turning them into breathtaking human dynamos of pure MANPOWER.



This is the Atlas Champion Cup won by Thomas Manfre, one of Charles Atlas' pupils, shown at right.



ARE YOU
Skinny and
run down?
Always tired?
Nervous?
Looking in
Confidence?
Constipated?
Suffering from
bad breath?

**WHAT TO DO
ABOUT IT**
is told in my
free book!

**What Is "Dynamic Tension"?
How Does It Work?**

When you look in the mirror and see a healthy,

**My Illustrated Book is Yours
—Not for \$1.00 or 10c— but FREE**

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages, packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. It shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do, answers many questions. Page by page it shows what I can do for YOU.

Yes, this book is a real prize for any fellow who wants a better build. Yes I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just plan-ning through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! Send the coupon now! Charles Atlas, Dept. 2045, 115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.



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Send me—absolutely FREE—a copy of your famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength"—48 pages, crammed with actual photographs, answers to vital health questions, and valuable advice to every man who wants a better build. I understand this book is mine to keep, and sending for it does not obligate me in any way.

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